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Annie Lawrence Patch
from her Mother.
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THE BOARDING-SCHOOL FEAST.



ATLANTIC TALES :

OR,

PICTURES OF YOUTH.

BY MISS LESLIE,

AUTHOR OF "PENCIL SKETCHES," "THE YOUNG AMERICANS,"

"THE MIRROR," &c.

"Our most important are our earliest years."

Cooper.

WITH WOOD CUTS, BY ANDERSON, FROM DESIGNS BY

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TO
MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE,
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THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS

Respectfully and affectionately inscribed,

BY

HER SINCERE FRIEND,

ELIZA LESLIE.

Philadelphia, October }
14, 1833.

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ATLANTIC TALES.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL FEAST.

"They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy."

Gray.

It is a very common subject of complaint with boarding school children (and there is often sufficient foundation for it) that they are too much restricted in their food, and that their diet is not only inferior in quality, but frequently deficient in quantity also. There was certainly, however, no cause for any dissatisfaction of this sort at Mrs. Middleton's boarding-school, in Philadelphia. The table was in every respect excellent, and a basket of bread or biscuit, and sometimes of gingerbread, was handed round to all the pupils, every morning at eleven o'clock. Mrs. Mid-

dleton's young ladies were strangers to the common boarding-school practice of coaxing or bribing the servants to procure them cakes and tarts from the confectioners ; for the table was sufficiently supplied with those articles, made in such a manner as to be agreeable to their tastes without endangering their health ; and they were every day allowed some sort of fruit, of the best quality the market could furnish.

At last, a young lady named Henrietta Harwood became a member of Mrs. Middleton's seminary. Miss Harwood had been for several years a pupil of one of those too numerous establishments, where the comfort of the children is sacrificed to the vanity of a governess, who rests her claims to encouragement principally on the merits of elegantly-furnished parlours, an expensive style of dress, frequent evening parties, and occasional balls. In schools where outward show is the leading principle, the internal economy is generally conducted on the most parsimonious plan ; and while the masters, who attend only at certain hours, are such as are considered the most fashionable, the female teachers that live in the house, are too often vulgar girls (obtained at a low salary) and who frequently are in

league with the elder pupils in ridiculing and plotting against the governess.

Most of the faults and follies that were likely to be acquired at a show-boarding-school, Henrietta Harwood brought with her to the excellent and well-conducted establishment of Mrs. Middleton : but she had some redeeming qualities that made her rather a favorite with her new companions, and disposed her governess to hope that all would come right at last.

One evening, the elder young ladies were sitting very comfortably at their different occupations, round the table in the front school-room. The window-shutters were closed, a good fire was burning in the stove, and Mrs. Middleton had just sent them a basket of apples, according to her custom in the winter evenings. After finishing a very fine one, Henrietta Harwood exclaimed—"Well—I wonder at myself for eating these apples!"

Miss Brownlow. Why, I am sure they are the very best Newtown pippins.

Henrietta. That is true, Brownie : but at Madame Disette's we had something better of evenings than mere apples.

Miss Brownlow. What had you?

Henrietta. We had sometimes cheesecakes,

and sometimes tarts; with very frequently pound-cake and jumbles; and sometimes we had even little mince-pies and oyster-patties.

Miss Wilcox. O, delicious! What an excellent governess! How could you ever consent to leave her? I thought Mrs. Middleton allowed us a great many good things, but she does not send us cheesecakes and tarts of an evening.

Henrietta. O, do not mistake! We might have gone without them all our lives, before Madame Disette would have sent us any thing of the sort. She did not even allow us apples of an evening, or a piece of bread between breakfast and dinner. Why, one summer evening, she bought at the door some common ice-cream, of a black man that was carrying it through the streets in a tin pot; and when we thought that *for once* she had certainly treated us, she charged the ice-cream in our quarter-bills. No, no,—we got nothing from *her*, but stale-bread; bad butter; sloppy tea; coffee without taste or color; skinny meat, half-cooked one day, cold the next, and hashed or rather coddled the third. Then, for a dessert, we were regaled with sour knotty apples in the winter, worm-eaten cherries in the summer, and dry squashy pears in the au-

turnn ; and once a week we had boiled rice, or baked bread and milk, by way of pudding. Though after the scholars had eaten their allowance, and made their curtsies and gone up to the school-room, she always had something nice brought for herself, and her sister, and niece : and of which poor Benson, the under teacher, was never invited to partake.

Miss Wilcox. But how did you get such nice things in the evening ?

Henrietta. We bought them, to be sure : bought them with our own money. That was the only way. When the little girls had all gone to bed, and Madame Disette, and Madame Trompeur, and Mademoiselle Mensonge were engaged in the parlour with their company, we all (that is the first class) subscribed something ; and we commissioned the chambermaid to bring us whatever we wanted from the confectioner's. O, what delightful feasts we had !

Miss Thomson. Did Madame Disette never find you out ?

Henrietta. O, no !—we laid our plans too cunningly. And Benson the teacher, was a good creature, and always joined our party ; so we knew she would not tell.

Miss Scott. I am sure we never could prevail on our teacher, Miss Loxley, to be concerned in such things. She would think it so very improper.

Henrietta. Well, we must take an opportunity when Miss Loxley is not at home. Mrs. Middleton permits her to go out whenever she requests it. She does not keep her so closely confined as Madame Disette did poor Benson.

Miss Scott. Mrs. Middleton has so much reliance on her elder pupils that she is not afraid to trust us sometimes without Miss Loxley. And we certainly have never yet abused her confidence.

Henrietta. O, you are undoubtedly a most exemplary set! But you never had one like me among you. I shall soon put a little spirit into you all, and get you out of this strict propriety sort of way. I do not despair even of my friend Isabella Caldwell, the good girl of the school.

Isabella. Our way is a very satisfactory one. It is impossible for boarding-school girls to be happier than we are. Our minds are not exhausted with long and difficult lessons, and with studies beyond our capacity. When school-hours are over, we have full time for

recreation, and are amply provided with the means of amusing ourselves. We have a library of entertaining books, and we have liberty to divert ourselves with all sorts of juvenile plays and games. Then how much attention is paid to our health and our comforts, and how kindly and judiciously we are treated in every respect! Certainly, we ought to think ourselves happy.

Henrietta. Ay! so you are made to say in the letters which you write home to your parents. All our French letters, at Madame Disette's were written first by her niece Mademoiselle Mensonge; and the English letters were manufactured by poor Benson; and then we copied them in our very best hands, with a new pen at every paragraph. They were all nearly the same, and told of nothing but the superabundant kindness and liberality of Madame Disette, our high respect and esteem for Madame Trompeur her sister, and our vast affection for her amiable niece, Mademoiselle Mensonge: together with our perfect health and extreme felicity. In every letter we grew happier and happier.

Miss Snodgrass. And were you not so in reality?

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Henrietta. No indeed,—all the happiness we had was of our own making, for we derived none from anything our governess did for us; though we were obliged in our letters to call her our beloved Madame Disette, and to express the most fervent hopes that we might one day exactly resemble her; which I am sure was the last thing we could have desired, for she was one of the ugliest women that I ever saw in my life.

Miss Thomson. But you might have wished to resemble her in mind and manners.

Henrietta. Why as to that, her mind was worse than her face, and her manners we all thought absolutely ridiculous. Benson could mimic her exactly.

Miss Marley. I do not wonder that your parents took you away from such a school.

Henrietta. The school was certainly bad enough. We had dirty, uncomfortable chambers, scanty fires, a mean table, and all such inconveniences; but then it was a very fashionable school; all the masters were foreigners, and above all things there was a great point made of our speaking French. We knew the common phrases perfectly well. We could all say, *Comment vous portez vous,—Je vous remercie,—Il fait beau-temps,—Don-*

nez-moi un epingle,—Lequel aimez-vous mieux, le bleu ou le vert ? and many other things equally sensible and interesting. This was what was called French conversation, and we were all able to join in it after taking lessons in French a very few months.

But after all, we had a great deal of fun, and that made up for every thing. Madame Disette and her sister and niece, always hurried over the school-business as fast as possible, that they might have time to pay and receive visits, and every evening they were either out, or engaged at home with company ; so that we had nobody to watch us but poor Benson, and none of us cared for *her*. And then we could make her do just as we pleased. She only got seventy-five dollars a year, for which she was obliged to perform all the drudgery of the school, even to washing and dressing the little girls, putting them to-bed, darning their stockings and mending their clothes, besides doing all Madame Disette's plain sewing. Poor Benson could not afford to dress half so well as the chambermaid. So how could we have any respect for her ? Even the servants despised her, and never would do anything she asked them.

Miss Snodgrass. Well, we all respect Miss Loxley. She gets a good salary, dresses

genteelly, is treated with proper consideration by every one in the house, and we obey her just as we do Mrs. Middleton.

Henrietta. Yes, and for those very reasons we never could ask her to assist in any little private scheme of our own. Benson was certainly a much more convenient person. But to resume our first subject, I do really long for a feast.

Miss Roberts. Well,—Mrs. Middleton occasionally gives us a feast as you call it; for instance, on the birth-day of the young lady who is head of her class.

Henrietta. O, but then at these regular feasts Mrs. Middleton is always present herself. I like to steal a little secret pleasure unsuspected by any one that would check it. Ah! you have never dealt in mysteries, you know not how delightful they are. One half the enjoyment is in planning and carrying on the plot. Come now, girls, let us get up a little feast to-morrow evening. You know Miss Loxley will be out again, as her aunt is still sick; and the French teacher always goes home at dusk, as she does not sleep here.

Miss Watkins. But if Mrs. Middleton should discover us.

Henrietta. No. Her sister and brother-in-law are coming to spend the evening with her,

and to bring a lady and gentleman from Connecticut. To-morrow is the very best night we can possibly have. Leave it all to me, and I will engage that there shall be no discovery ; and we will get the little girls to bed very early that we may have the longer time to enjoy ourselves.

Several of the young ladies. O, indeed we are afraid !

Henrietta. Nonsense—I will answer for it that there shall be no cause for fear. Why, we did these things fifty times at Madame Disette's, and were never once detected. Come, I will lay down a dollar as the first contribution towards the feast. Brownie, how much will you give ?

Miss Brownlow. I will give half a dollar.

Miss Watkins. And I will give a dollar and a half. I have always plenty of money.

Henrietta. Well done, Watty. And you Scotty, how much ?

Miss Scott. A quarter of a dollar is all I have left.

Miss Wilcox. And I have only ten cents.

Henrietta. O, poor Coxey ! But never mind, you shall have as large a share of the good things as any of us, notwithstanding you can only muster ten cents. And now, Snoddy ?

Miss Snodgrass. Why, I will give a quarter of a dollar and eight cents. I have another quarter of a dollar, but I wish to keep it to buy a bottle of Cologne water.

Henrietta. Pho.—'Try to live another week without the Cologne water.

Miss Snodgrass. No indeed,—I never in my life had a bottle of Cologne water all to myself to use just as I pleased, and I really have set my mind on it.

Henrietta. Well, we must try to do without Snoddy's other quarter-dollar. Well, Bob, what say you?

Miss Roberts. I will give half a dollar.

Henrietta. O, Bob, Bob! You have more than that, I am sure.

Miss Roberts. Yes, I have another half dollar, but I wish to buy the book of Fairy Tales you told me of.

Henrietta. O, never mind buying the Fairy Tales! I will tell you all of them without charging for my trouble. Come now, be good and give the whole dollar, and we will have an iced pound-cake.

Miss Roberts. Well, if you will *certainly* tell me all the Fairy Tales.

Henrietta. Every one of them, twice over if you choose. And now, Marley.

Miss Marley. I know all this is very improper.

Henrietta. Just for once in your life try how it seems to be improper.

Miss Marley. Well then for this time only—Here are three quarters of a dollar.

Henrietta. Now, Tommy !

Miss Thomson. I have not resolution to resist. There are half a dollar and twelve cents.

Henrietta. And now, Isabella Caldwell,—though last not least.

Isabella. Excuse me, Henrietta : my contribution will be far less than that of any other young lady. In fact, nothing at all.

Henrietta. Nothing at all ! Why Miss Caldwell, I did not expect this of you. I always supposed you to be very generous.

Isabella. I wish to be generous whenever it is in my power.

Henrietta. Well, dear Isabella, if you have no money, we will not press you. We shall be happy to have you at our little feast, even if you do not contribute a cent towards it.

All. O, yes ! We must not lose Isabella Caldwell.

Isabella. I am much obliged to you, my dear girls. But it is not the want of money

that prevents me from joining you. I *have* money. But I wish not, on any terms, to belong to your party, and I shall retire to my own room. In short, I do not think it right to be planning a feast without the knowledge of Mrs. Middleton, who is so good and so indulgent that it is a shame to deceive her.

Henrietta. Then I suppose, Miss Caldwell, you intend to betray us ; to disclose the whole plan to Mrs. Middleton ?

Isabella. You insult me by such a suspicion. I appeal to all the young ladies if they ever knew me guilty of telling tales, or repeating anything which might be a disadvantage to another.

All. O, no, no ! *Isabella* is to be trusted. She will never betray us.

Henrietta. Then in plain terms, Miss Caldwell, I really think, if you *have* money, you might spare a little for our feast.

Isabella. I want the whole of it for another purpose. And I shall get no more before next week.

Henrietta. Well, this is very strange. I know you do not care for finery, and that you never lay out your pocket-money in little articles of dress. And as for books of amusement, it was but yesterday that your father sent you

a whole box full. I *must* say, that though you are called generous—I cannot help thinking you a little—a very little—

Isabella. Mean, I suppose you would say.

Henrietta. Why, I must not exactly call you *mean*—But I cannot help thinking you rather—*meanish*.

Isabella. I will not be called mean. My refusal proceeds from other motives than you suppose.

Henrietta. Young ladies, I will be judged by you all. Is it natural for a girl of fifteen, who likes cakes and pastry and every sort of sweet thing, to be so very conscientious as to refuse to join in a little bit of pleasure that can injure no one, that will never be discovered, and that all her companions have assented to with few or no scruples. No, no, Isabella, I believe that your only object in declining to be one of our party, is to save your money.

Isabella. O, what injustice you do me!

Henrietta. Prove it to be injustice by joining us without further objection.

Miss Watkins. Henrietta, we do not care for Isabella's money. Let her keep it if she wishes. We can afford to entertain her as our guest. I am sorry so much should have been said about it.

Isabella (taking her purse out of her bag.) There then ; here are two half-dollars. I will prove to you that I am neither mean nor selfish.

All. We will not take your money.

Isabella. Yes, take it.—Any thing rather than suspect me of what I do not deserve. And now let me entreat, that in *my* presence nothing more may be said of this feast. Change the subject and talk of something else. Or rather I will retire to bed, and leave you to make your arrangements for to-morrow night.

The real reason why *Isabella Caldwell* was so unwilling to be a contributor to the expense of the feast, was, that she had intended appropriating her pocket-money to a much better purpose. Her allowance was a dollar a week ; and she knew that a black woman, named *Diana*, (who had formerly been a servant in her father's family before they removed to the country) was now struggling with severe poverty. *Diana* was the widow of a negro sailor that had perished at sea, and she was the mother of three children, all too small to put out, and whom she supported by taking in washing. But during a long illness, brought on by overworking herself, she lost several of

her customers who had given their washing to others. Isabella had solicited Mrs. Middleton to allow her to employ Diana, rather than the woman who then washed for the school. Mrs. Middleton readily consented.

The weather had become very cold, and Isabella saw with regret that Diana came to fetch and carry the clothes-bag without either coat or cloak; nothing in fact to cover her shoulders but an old yellow cotton shawl. Isabella pitied her extremely, and resolved in her own mind not to lay out a cent of her money till she had saved enough to buy Diana a cloak. Her father, who was a man of large fortune, had placed at the beginning of the year a sum of money in Mrs. Middleton's hands to defray Isabella's expenses, exclusive of her tuition, with directions to give her every week a dollar to dispose of as she pleased.

Isabella had now been saving her money for four weeks, and had that morning received her weekly allowance, which completed the sum necessary to buy a good plaid cloak, and she had determined to go the following morning and make the purchase, and to give it to Diana when she came to take the clothes. Isabella had now the exact money, and that was the reason she was so unwilling to devote any

part of it to the expenses of the feast ; beside which, she could not in her heart approve of any species of pleasure which was to be enjoyed in secret and kept from the knowledge of her excellent governess. She felt the usual repugnance of modest and benevolent people with regard to speaking of her own acts of charity. This reluctance she, however, carried too far, when rather than acknowledge that she was keeping her money to buy a cloak for her poor washerwoman, she suffered herself to be prevailed on to give up part of the sum as an addition to the fund that was raising for the banquet.

She went to bed sadly out of spirits, and much displeased with herself. She had seen at a store just such a cloak as she wished to get for Diana, and she had anticipated the delight and gratitude of the poor woman on receiving it, and the comfort it would afford her during the inclement season and for many succeeding winters. " And now," thought she, " poor Diana must go without a cloak, and the money will be wasted in cakes and tarts, which, however nice they may be, will cause us no further pleasure after we have once swallowed them. However, perhaps the weather will be less severe to-morrow, and next week I shall have

another dollar, and I then will be again able to buy Diana the cloak. I am sorry that I promised it to her when she was here last. I cannot bear the idea of seeing her, and telling her that she must wait for the cloak a week longer. I hope the weather will be mild and fine to-morrow."

. But Isabella's hope was not realized, and when she rose in the morning she found it snowing very fast. The cold was intense. The ground had been for several days already covered with a deep snow which had frozen very hard. There was a piercing, north-east wind, and altogether it was the most inclement morning of the whole winter. Isabella hoped that Diana would not come for the clothes that day, as the weather would be a sufficient excuse; though the poor woman had never before been otherwise than punctual. But in a short time she saw Diana coming round the corner, walking very fast, her arms wrapped in her shawl, and holding down her head to avoid, as much as possible, the snow that was driving in her face. "Ah!" thought Isabella, "she hopes to get the cloak this dreadful morning, and to wear it home. How sadly she will be disappointed. But I cannot see or speak to her." She then tied up

her clothes-bag and desired the chambermaid to take it down and give it to Diana, and tell her that she could not see her that morning.

Isabella could not forbear going again to the window, and she saw Diana come up the area steps into the street, carrying the clothes-bag, and looking disappointed. Isabella with a heavy heart watched her till she turned the corner, shrinking from the storm and shivering along in her old thin shawl. "Oh!" thought Isabella, "how very badly the confectionary will taste to me this evening, when I think that my contribution towards it has obliged me to break my promise to this poor woman, and that it will cause her for at least another week, to endure all the sufferings of exposure to cold without sufficient covering."

Henrietta Harwood, as leader of the conspiracy, was extremely busy every moment that she could snatch from the presence of Mrs. Middleton and the teachers, in making arrangements for the feast of the evening. There was a great deal of whispering and consulting, between her and the elder girls, as to what they should have; and a great deal of

talking on the stairs to Mary the chambermaid, who, for the bribe of a quarter of a dollar, had consented to procure for them whatever they wished; without the knowledge of Mrs. Middleton. It was unanimously agreed that none of the little girls were to be let into the secret, as their discretion was not to be depended on; and there was much lamentation that the bed-hour for the children was so late as eight o'clock. The little girls all slept in one large room, and as soon as they had gone to be prepared for bed, under the superintendence of Mary, Henrietta proposed that herself and six other young ladies should volunteer to assist in undressing them. "You know," said she, "there are eight of the children, and if we each take a child and leave one to Mary, they can be got to-bed in an eighth part of the time that it will require for Mary to attend to all of them herself. Just, you know, as they have quilting-frolics and husking frolics in the country, when a whole week's work is accomplished in a few hours, by assembling a great many persons to join in it."

This proposal was immediately assented to, and a committee of half a dozen young ladies with Henrietta at their head, adjourned.

to the children's apartment. "Come, little chits," said Henrietta, "as it is a cold night, we are going to have an undressing frolic, and to help Mary to put you all to-bed : for the sooner you are tucked up in your nests the better it will be for you,—and for us too," she added in a low voice aside to Miss Thomson. "Here, Rosalie Sunbridge," she continued, "come to me, I will do the honours for *you*, as you are a sort of pet of mine."

The elder girls then began undressing the little ones with such violence that strings snapped, buttons were jerked off, and stockings torn in the process. The children wondered why the young ladies were seized with such a sudden and unusual fit of kindness, and why they went so furiously to work in getting them undrest and put to-bed.

An altercation, however, ensued between Henrietta Harwood and Rosalie Sunbridge, who declared that it was her mother's particular desire that her hair behind should be curled in papers every night ; a ceremony that Henrietta proposed omitting, telling her that there was already sufficient curl remaining in her hair to last all the next day, and reminding her that there was no such trouble with the hair of the other little girls. "That is because

"they have no hair to curl," replied Rosalie, "you know that they are all closely cropped. But if you will not roll up mine in papers, Miss Harwood, I would rather have Mary to put me to-bed, though you *do* call me your pet." "Well, well, hush, and I *will* do it," said Henrietta, "but it shall be done in a new way which saves a great deal of trouble, and makes very handsome curls when the hair is opened out next morning." So saying, she snatched up a great piece of coarse brown paper, and seizing the little girl's hind-hair in her hand, she rolled it all up in one large curl; Rosalie crying out at the violence with which she pulled, and the other children laughing, when it was done, at the huge knob, and telling Rosalie she had a knocker at her back.

In a short time the night-gowns and night-caps were scrambled on, and the children all deposited in their respective beds, and all hastily kissed by their undressers, who hurried out of the room, anxious to enter upon their anticipated delights.

"Now, good Mary, dear Mary," said Henrietta, "do tell me if you have got every thing?" "Every thing, miss," replied Mary, "except the calves-foot jelly, and the money fell short of that. But I have got the iced

pound-cake, and the mince pies, and the oyster patties, and the little cocoa-nut puddings, and the bottle of lemon-syrup, and all the other things. They are snug and safe in the market-basket in the back kitchen-closet, and nobody can never guess nothing about it."

Just at this moment the man-servant came to tell the young ladies that Mrs. Middleton wished them all to go down into the front parlour to look at some prints. These prints were the coloured engravings of Wall's beautiful views on the Hudson, and which had just been purchased by Mrs. Middleton's brother-in-law, who was going to leave the city the following morning. At any other time the young ladies (at least those who had a taste for drawing) would have been grateful for Mrs. Middleton's kindness in allowing them an opportunity of looking at these fine landscapes, but *now* every moment that detained them from the feast seemed like an hour. Henrietta murmured almost aloud, and they all went down with reluctance except Isabella Caldwell, who had made up her mind not to partake of the banquet.

In the mean time, little Rosalie Sunbridge, who was a very cunning child, and had a great deal of curiosity, suspected that some-

thing more than usual was going on, from the alertness of the young ladies in hurrying the children to-bed. Her bed being nearest to the door, she overheard the elder girls in earnest consultation with the chambermaid in the entry, and although she could not distinguish exactly what was said, she understood that something very delightful was to go on that evening in the front school-room. Having a great desire to know precisely what was in agitation, she waited a short time till all her companions were asleep, and then getting up softly, she opened one of the shutters to let in a little light, as the storm had subsided and there was a faint moon ; she then got her cloth coat and put it on over her night-gown, and covering her feet with her carpet-moccasins that she might make no noise in walking, she stole softly into the front-school-room, determined to watch all that went on.

Two lamps were burning on the table, but no person was in the room, the young ladies having all gone down into the parlour to look at the prints. Rosalie by climbing on a chair managed with much difficulty to get on the upper shelf of a large closet, having hastily cleared a space for herself to lie down in, among the books and rolls of maps. Then

pushing away the chair, she drew the closet-door nearly close, leaving only a small crack, through which she could observe all that was done.

Presently, she saw Mary come cautiously into the room with a basket, and taking out of it the materials for the feast, the girl arranged them all to great advantage on the table. When this was accomplished, she went down stairs ; and immediately after, the young ladies, having looked hastily at the prints, all came up, and expressed much satisfaction at the inviting appearance of the banquet. Isabella lighted a small lamp and said she was going to-bed.

"Why, Caldwell," exclaimed Henrietta, "are you absolutely in earnest ? What, after contributing to the expense of the feast, will you really leave us before it begins, and go dismally to-bed ? See how nice every thing looks."

"Every thing indeed looks nice," replied Isabella, "but still I have no desire to partake of them. I am out of spirits, and I have other reasons for not wishing to join your party." "Just take something before you go," said Henrietta. "No," answered Isabella, "I feel as if I could not taste a single article on the table."

She then withdrew to her room, and her companions took their seats and began to regale themselves, Henrietta presiding at the head of the table. They would have enjoyed their feast very much, only that, notwithstanding their expected security, they were in continual dread of being discovered. They started and listened at every little noise, fearing that Miss Loxley might possibly have returned, or that Mrs. Middleton might possibly be coming up stairs.

"Really," said Henrietta, "it is a great pity that poor Isabella Caldwell, after she gave her dollar with so much reluctance, should refuse to take any share of our feast. Perhaps tomorrow she will think better of it. Suppose we save something for her. I dare say she will have no objection to eat some of these good things in the morning."

"Put by one of the little cocoa-nut puddings for her," said Miss Scott. "And one of the mince pies," said another young lady. "And a large slice of pound-cake," said a third. "And a bunch of white grapes," said a fourth.

Henrietta then selected some of the nicest articles of their banquet, to offer to Isabella in the morning ; and after some consultation, it was concluded to deposit them, for the pres-

ent, in the farthest corner of the upper shelf of the closet ; which upper shelf was only used as a repository for old maps and old copy books, and waste paper, and with these the things could be very conveniently covered. "Do not take a light to the closet," said Miss Marley, "you may set something on fire. If you stand on tip-toe and raise your arm as high as you can, you may easily reach the upper shelf."

Henrietta accordingly walked to the closet, and was in the act of shoving a mince-pie into a dark corner of the upper shelf, when suddenly she gave a start and a shriek, and let fall the cocoa-nut pudding which she held in her hand. "What is the matter?" exclaimed all the girls at once. "Oh !" cried Henrietta, "when I reached up the mince-pie to the top shelf, it was taken from me by a cold hand that met mine—I felt the fingers." "Impossible," said some of the girls. "What could it actually be?" cried others. Just then, Rosalie made a rustling among the loose papers on the top shelf. "There it is again," screamed Henrietta. "Oh !" cried Miss Watkins, "we have done very wrong to plot this feast in secret, and something dread-

ful is going to happen to us as a punishment."

Another rustling set all the young ladies to screaming, and with one accord they rushed towards the door with such force as to upset the table and all its contents. The lamps were broken and extinguished in the fall, several of the girls were thrown down by the others, and the shrieks were so violent that Mrs. Middleton heard them into the parlour, where, her friends having left her, she was sitting with Miss Loxley, who had just come in ; and taking a light with them, they ran up to the front school-room.

The scene which then presented itself transfixed them with astonishment. The floor was strewn with the remains of the feast. The oil from the shattered lamps was running among the cakes and pies, which were also drenched with water from a broken pitcher, near which the bottle of lemon-syrup was lying in fragments. The table was thrown down on its side. Some of the young ladies were still prostrate on the floor, and all were screaming. Rosalie, frightened at the uproar she had caused, was on her hands and knees looking out from the upper shelf of the closet, and crying "O, take me down,

take me down ! somebody bring a chair and take me down."

Isabella Caldwell, hearing the noise, had thrown on her flannel gown, and ran also to see what was the matter. As soon as the surprise of Mrs. Middleton would allow her to speak, she inquired the cause of all this disturbance, but she could get no other answer than that there was some horrible thing in the closet. "There is indeed something in the closet," said Mrs. Middleton, perceiving Rosa-He: "Miss Sunbridge, how came you up there, and in that dress ? and what is the meaning of all this ?"

The young ladies, having recovered from their terror when they found it to be groundless, and Miss Loxley having taken down Rosalie, Henrietta made a candid confession of the whole business, and acknowledging herself to be the proposer and leader of the plot, she expressed her readiness to submit to any punishment Mrs. Middleton might think proper to inflict on her, but hoped that her governess would have the goodness to pardon all the other young ladies, none of whom would have thought of a secret feast, if she had not suggested it to them. "Above all," continued Henrietta, "I must exculpate Isa-

bella Caldwell, who declined going to table with us or partaking of any thing, but retired to her bed, as may be known by her being now in her night-clothes."

Mrs. Middleton was touched with the generosity of Henrietta Harwood, in taking all the blame on herself to exonerate her companions; and as her kind heart would not allow her to send any of her pupils to-bed in the anticipation of being punished the next day, she said, "Miss Harwood; I will for this time permit your misdemeanour to go unpunished, but I require a promise from you that it shall never be repeated. Make that promise sincerely, and I feel assured that you will keep it."

"O, yes indeed, dear madam!" sobbed Henrietta, "you are too kind; and I cannot forgive myself for having persuaded my companions to join in a plot which I knew you would disapprove."

"Go now to your beds," said Mrs. Middleton, "and I will send a servant to clear away the disorder of this room. Rosalie, I see, has already slipped off to hers."

Next morning, before school commenced, Mrs. Middleton addressed the young ladies mildly but impressively, on the proceedings of the day before. She dwelt on the general impropriety of all secret contrivances; on the injury done to the integrity of the ignorant servant-girl, by bribing her to deceive her employer; on the danger of making themselves sick by eating such a variety of sweet things; and on the folly of expending in those dainties, money which might be much better employed.

"That," said Henrietta, "was one of Isabella Caldwell's objections to joining our feasting party. I am now convinced that she had in view some more sensible manner of disposing of her money. I regret that she was prevailed on to contribute her dollar, as she must have had an excellent reason for her unwillingness; and she seemed really unhappy, and went to-bed without touching any of our good things."

"I can guess how it was," said Miss Loxley. "One very cold morning last week, I met Diana, Miss Caldwell's washerwoman, going up stairs with the clean clothes, and having nothing on her shoulders but an old cotton shawl. I asked her if she had no cloak, and she replied that she had not; but added,

that Miss Isabella had been so kind as to promise her one, which was to be ready for her when she came again. I suspect that Miss Caldwell has been saving her money for the laudable purpose of furnishing this poor woman with a cloak."

"Oh! no doubt she has," exclaimed Henrietta, "why, dear Isabella, did you not say so? and bad as I am, I would not have persisted in persuading you out of your dollar."

"The woman, however, did not get her cloak," resumed Miss Loxley, "for I again saw her without one, yesterday, though the weather had increased in severity."

"It is true," said Isabella. "The cloak was to have cost four dollars, and after subscribing one dollar to the feast, I could not buy it, as I had not then sufficient money."

Mrs. Middleton. Miss Harwood, had you often these feasts at Madame Disette's.

Henrietta. Oh! very often, and as the teacher, Miss Benson, was always one of the party, we managed so well, that Madame Disette never discovered us. Or if she had any suspicion, she said nothing about it; for after all, she cared very little what we did out of school-hours provided that our proceedings cost her nothing.

Mrs. Middleton. You must not speak so disrespectfully of your former governess. But I will explain to you that *I* care very much what you do, even in your hours of recreation. It is when the business of the school is over, and they are no longer in the presence of their instructors, that girls are in the greatest danger of forming bad habits and imitating bad examples. All deceit, all tricks, are highly unjustifiable. A little feast may seem in itself of small moment; but if you persist in plotting little feasts, you will eventually be led on to plot things of more importance, and which may lead to the worst consequences. Then as I always allow you as large a portion of sweet things as comports with your health, it is the more reprehensible in you to seek to procure them for yourselves, without my knowledge. Tell me now, do any of you feel the better for last night's frolic?

Miss Thomson. O, no, no! Miss Watkins and Miss Roberts were sick all night; and indeed none of us feel very well this morning.

Mrs. Middleton. I observed that you all had very little appetite for your breakfast.

Miss Brownlow. And then *I* had my new frock spoiled when I fell down in the lamp-oil.

Miss Wilcox. And I got some lamp-oil into my mouth. I tasted it all night. Even my nose was rubbed in it as I lay struggling on the floor.

Miss Snodgrass. And I fell with my knees on half'a dozen pieces of orange, and stained my black silk frock, so that it is no longer fit to wear.

Miss Marley. And I was thrown down with the back of my head on a bunch of grapes, mashing them to a jelly.

Miss Scott. But my hair was so very sticky, with falling into the lemon syrup, that I was obliged, this morning, to wash it all over with warm soap-suds.

Miss Roberts. And I put my foot in the bottom of the broken pitcher, and cut my heel so that it bled through the stocking.

Miss Watkins. Still, nothing of this would have happened if Rosalie Sunbridge had stayed in her bed. It was her hiding in the closet and frightening us, that caused all the mischief.

Rosalie. I am sure I was punished enough for my curiosity, for when I got on the closet-shelf I was obliged to lie so cramped that I was almost stiff; and I was half dead with cold, notwithstanding I had put on my cloth

coat ; and then I was longing all the time for some of the good things I saw you eating, so that when Miss Harwood came to hide the mince-pie I could not forbear taking it out of her hand. When I found that you were all so terrified, I thought I would make a noise among the loose papers to frighten you still more, supposing, that you would all quit the room, and that then I could come down from the shelf and regale myself awhile before I stole back to-bed. I did not foresee that you would upset the table in your flight, and make such a violent noise. But I will never again attempt to pry into other people's secrets.

Mrs. Middleton. I hope you never will. This feast, you see, has caused nothing but discomfort, which is the case with all things that are in themselves improper. Yet I think the greatest sufferer is Isabella Caldwell's washerwoman, who has, in consequence, been disappointed of her cloak.

Isabella. Next week, madam, when I receive my allowance, I hope to be able to buy it for her.

Mrs. Middleton. You need not wait till next week. The poor woman shall suffer no longer for a cloak. Here is a dollar in ad-

vance ; and after school you can go out and purchase it, so that it may be ready for her to-morrow when she brings home your clothes.

Isabella. Dear Mrs. Middleton, how much I thank you.

The young ladies having promised that they would attempt no more private feasts, Mrs. Middleton kissed, and forgave them. After school, Isabella accompanied by Miss Loxley, went out and bought the plaid cloak, which was sent home directly. Next day, she longed for Diana to arrive with the clothes, that she might enjoy her pleasure on receiving so useful a gift, but, to her great disappointment they were brought home by another black woman, who informed Isabella that she was Diana's next door neighbour, and that poor Diana having taken a violent cold from being out in the snow-storm, was now confined to her bed with the rheumatism. "Ah !" thought Isabella, "perhaps if she had had this good warm cloak to go home in, the day before yesterday, she might have escaped the rheumatism. I see now that whenever we allow ourselves to be persuaded to do a thing

which we know to be wrong, evil is sure to come from it."

She desired the woman to wait a few minutes, and hastening to Mrs. Middleton begged that she would allow her to go and see poor Diana, who, she feared was in great distress. Mrs. Middleton readily consented, and had a basket filled with various things, which she gave to the woman to carry with the plaid cloak to Diana. She sent by Isabella a bottle of camphor, and some cotton wadding, for Diana's rheumatism, and a medicine for her to take internally. Miss Loxley accompanied Isabella, and they found Diana in bed and very ill, and every thing about her evincing extreme poverty. Isabella engaged the woman to stay with Diana till she got well, and to take care of her and her children, promising to pay her for her trouble. When they returned and made their report to Mrs. Middleton, she wrote to her physician, requesting him to visit Diana and attend her as long as was necessary.

Next week, Henrietta Harwood, and the other young ladies, subscribed all their allowance of pocket money for the relief of Diana, who very soon was well enough to resume her work. It is unnecessary to add that their contribution to the support of the poor woman

and her family, gave them far more pleasure than they had derived from the unfortunate feast. They never, of course, attempted another, and Henrietta Harwood, at Mrs. Middleton's school, lost all the faults she had acquired at Madame Disette's.

THE TELL-TALE.



My father said, that on account of your money we must endure you, and all the inconveniences belonging to you.

THE TELL-TALE.

"How, all occasions do inform against me!"

Shakespeare.

ROSAMOND EVERING was one of those indiscreet mischievous girls who are in the daily practice of repeating every thing they see and hear, particularly all the unpleasant remarks, and unfavourable opinions that happen to be unguardedly expressed in their presence. She did not content herself with relating only as much as she actually saw and heard, but (as is always the case with tell-tales) she dealt greatly in exaggeration, and her stories never failed to exceed the reality in all their worst points.

This unamiable and dangerous propensity of their daughter gave great pain to Mr. and Mrs. Evering, who tried in vain to correct it.

They represented to her that as parents cannot be constantly on their guard in presence of their own family, and that as grown persons do not always remember or observe when children are in the room, many things are inadvertently said, which, though of little consequence as long as they remain unknown, may be of great and unfortunate importance if disclosed and exaggerated. And as children are incapable of forming an accurate judgment as to what may be told with safety, or what ought to be kept secret, their wisest and most proper course is to repeat no remarks and to relate no conversations whatever, but more particularly those which they may chance to hear from persons older than themselves.

But neither reproof, nor punishment seemed to make any lasting impression on Rosamond Evering; and scarce a day passed that she did not exhibit some vexatious specimen of her besetting sin. A few instances will suffice.

Mrs. Evering had a very excellent cook, a black woman, that had lived with her more than six years, and whom she considered an invaluable servant. One morning, when Venus (for that was her name) had just left the

parlour, after receiving her orders for dinner, Mr. Evering remarked in a low voice, to his lady, "Certainly, the name of Venus was never so unsuitably bestowed as on this poor woman. I have rarely seen a negro whose face had a greater resemblance to that of a baboon." In this remark Mrs. Evering acquiesced.

Rosamond was at this time sitting in a corner, looking over her lessons. Just before she went to school, her mother thought of a change in the preparations for dinner, and not wishing to give the old cook the trouble of coming up from the kitchen a second time, she desired Rosamond to go down and tell Venus she would have the turkey boiled rather than roasted. Rosamond went down and delivered the message; but fixing her eyes on the cook's face, she thought she had never seen Venus look so ugly, and she said to her, "Venus, my father thinks you the ugliest negro he ever saw (*even for a negro*) and he says your face is just like a monkey's, only worse." Having made this agreeable communication, Rosamond went out of the kitchen and departed for school, leaving Venus speechless with anger and astonishment; for though in other respects a very good woman, she was extremely vain, and had always con-

sidered herself among the handsomest of her race.

As soon as Venus found herself able to speak, she went into the parlour with her eyes flashing fire, and told Mrs. Evering that she must provide herself with another cook, as she was determined to leave her that very day. Mrs. Evering with much surprise enquired the reason, and Venus replied, that "she would not live in any house where she was called an ugly neger, the ugliest even of all negers, and likened to a brute beast."

Mrs. Evering, who had forgotten her husband's remark, asked the cook what she meant; and Venus explained by repeating all that Rosamond had told her. Mrs. Evering endeavoured to pacify her, but in vain. Ignorant people when once offended are very difficult to appease, and Venus had been hurt on the tenderest point. She would listen to nothing that Mrs. Evering could urge to induce her to stay, but exclaimed in a high passion, "I never was called a neger before. I am not a neger but a coloured woman. I was born and raised on a great plantation in Virginny where there was hundreds of slaves, all among the Randolphs and sich like quality, and nobody never called me a neger. And

now when I'm free and come here to Philadel-
phy where nobody has no servants without
they hires them, lo ! and behold I'm called a
neger, and an ugly neger too, and a neger-
monkey besides. No, no, I'll not stay, and
Nancy the chambermaid may do the cook-
ing till you get somebody else. And a pretty
way she'll do it in. I'm glad I shan't be here
to eat Nancy's cooking. I never know'd any
white trash that could cook ; much less Irish."

Finally, Mrs. Evering was obliged to give
Venus her wages and let her go at once, as she
protested "she would never eat another meal's
victuals in the house."

When Rosamond came from school, her
mother reprimanded her severely, and when
her father heard of the mischief she had caus-
ed, he would not permit her to accompany the
family to a concert that evening, as she had
been promised the day before.

After the departure of Venus, it was a long
time before Mrs. Evering could suit herself
with a cook. Several were tried in succession
but none were good, and to Rosamond's great
regret they were never able to get a woman
whose skill in making pies and puddings and
cakes bore any comparison to that of Venus.

Still this lesson did not cure her fault; she still told tales and still suffered in consequence.

One day, Mrs. Renwick, a lady who lived next door, sent a message to Mrs. Evering requesting that she would lend her a pot of red currant jelly, as she was quite out of that article, of which she shortly intended making a supply, and as Mrs. Renwick had invited some company to dinner, some jelly would be wanted to eat with the canvass-back ducks.

Mrs. Evering lent her a pot, and as soon as currants were in the market, Mrs. Renwick sent her in return some jelly of her own making. It was not nice, and Mrs. Evering observed to her sister, Mrs. Norwood, who happened to be present: "I do not think Mrs. Renwick has been very successful with her jelly. It is so thin it is almost liquid, and so dark that it looks as if made of black currants. I suspect she has boiled it too long, and has not put in sugar enough."

Next day as they were coming from school together, Mrs. Renwick's little daughter Marianne, said to Rosamond, "My mother made some currant jelly on Tuesday, and yesterday when it was cold, she gave me a whole saucer full to eat with my slice of bread at twelve o'clock."

"She might well give you a whole saucer-full," replied Rosamond, "for I do not think it was worth saving for any better purpose. She sent in a pot to my mother, in return for some she had borrowed of her. Now *my* mother's jelly is always so firm that you might cut it with a knife, and so bright and sparkling that it dazzles your eyes. I heard her tell my aunt Norwood, that Mrs. Renwick's jelly was the worst she had ever seen, that it was as thin and sour as plain currant-juice, and dark and dirty-looking beside."

Marianne Renwick was much displeased at the disrespectful manner in which her mother's jelly had been spoken of. She let go Rosamond's arm and turning up another street, walked home by herself, swelling with resentment, and told her mother all that had passed.

Mrs. Renwick was a lady very easily offended, and she always signified her anger as soon as she felt it. She immediately sent to a confectioner's for a pot of the very best red-currant jelly, and had it carried into Mrs. Evering, accompanied by a note implying "that she regretted to hear that her jelly had not been so fortunate as to meet the approbation of so competent a judge of sweetmeats, but that as she would be sorry if Mrs. Ever-

ing should lose any thing by it, she had sent her a pot made by one of the very first confecturers in the city, and she hoped it would be found an ample equivalent for that she had most unhappily borrowed."

Rosamond was in the parlour when the note and the pot of jelly arrived, and she coloured and looked so confused, that her mother immediately guessed that she had been the cause of Mrs. Renwick's having taken offence. Reproof had no effect on Rosamond except for a moment, but that she might frequently be reminded of her fault, she was not allowed to taste currant-jelly till the next summer. Mrs. Renwick, however, remained implacable, and could never be prevailed on to visit Mrs. Evering again.

Mr. Evering had an aunt, the widow of a western merchant, who had made a large fortune in business. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Marbury had removed to Philadelphia, which was her native place, and being very plain in her habits and ideas, she had bought a small neat house in a retired street, where she kept but two servants, and expended more money in presents to her relations, than in any superfluities for herself. She generally went to a place of worship in her own

neighbourhood, but hearing that a very celebrated minister from Boston was to preach one Sunday in the church to which her nephew's family belonged, she sent a message to Mr. Evering requesting that he would call for her with his carriage and give her a seat in his pew, that she might have an opportunity of hearing this distinguished stranger. Mr. and Mrs. Evering were both out when the message arrived, so that no answer could be sent till their return, which was not till evening.

It was dusk, and the lamps not being yet lighted, they did not perceive that Rosamond was lying on an ottoman in one of the recesses, or they would not have spoken as they did while she was present.

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Evering, "that Mrs. Marbury has fixed on to-morrow for going to church with us, for I intended asking Miss Leeson, who will be delighted to have an opportunity of hearing this celebrated preacher ; and his discourse, however excellent, will be lost on Aunt Marbury who always falls asleep soon after she has heard the text, that being all she ever remembers of a sermon ; so that in reality, one preacher is the same to her as another ; though she goes regularly to

church twice a-day, and never could be convinced that she sleeps half the time. And then she is unfortunately so fat, and takes up so much room in the pew."

"My dear," said Mr. Evering, "we must show Mrs. Marbury as much kindness and civility as we possibly can, for she is a most excellent woman, is very liberal to us now, and at her death will undoubtedly leave us the greatest part of her large property. Even if we had no personal regard for the good old lady it would be very impolitic in us to offend her."

When the room was lighted Mr. and Mrs. Evering saw Rosamond on the ottoman, and felt so much uneasiness at her having heard their conversation that they thought it best to caution her against repeating it. "Oh!" exclaimed Rosamond, "do you think I would be so wicked as to tell Aunt Marbury what you have just been saying about her?"

"You have often," said Mrs. Evering, "told things almost as improper to be repeated."

"But never with any bad intention," replied Rosamond, "I am sure my feelings are always good."

"I know not," said her father, "how it is possible that people with good feelings and

good intentions can take pleasure in repeating whatever they hear to a person's disadvantage, and above all to the very object of the unfavourable remarks. Besides the cruelty of causing them poignant and unnecessary pain, and wounding their self-love, there is the wickedness of embroiling them with their friends, or at least destroying their confidence and embittering their hearts. And all these consequences have frequently ensued from the tattling of a tell-tale child."

The next morning was Saturday, and the servants being all very busy, Mrs. Evering desired Rosamond to stop, as she returned from taking her music-lesson, and inform her Aunt Marbury that they would be happy to accommodate her with a seat in their pew on Sunday morning, and that they would call for her in the carriage as she had requested.

"Now, Rosamond," said Mrs. Evering, "can I trust you? Will you for once be discreet, and refrain from repeating to your Aunt Marbury, what you unluckily overheard last evening?"

"O! indeed, dear mother," replied Rosamond, "bad as you think me, I am not quite wicked enough for that."

"But I fear the force of habit," said Mrs.

Evering. "I believe I had better send Peter with the message."

"No," answered Rosamond, "I am anxious to retrieve my character. Rely on me this once, and you will see how prudent and honourable I can be."

On her way home from her music-lesson, Rosamond stopped at her aunt's and delivered the message, exactly as it had been given to her.

While Rosamond was eating a piece of the nice plum-cake that her aunt always kept in the house for the gratification of her young visitors, Mrs. Marbury said to her, "This weather is quite too warm for the season; should it continue, it will be very oppressive in church to-morrow."

"No doubt," answered Rosamond, "and most probably *our* church will be crowded in every part. I wonder, aunt, that you are anxious to go, as you certainly *must* be, when you sent so long beforehand to engage a seat in our pew."

"Why," returned Mrs. Marbury, "I am willing to suffer some inconvenience from the heat for the sake of hearing this great preacher."

"But, aunt," said Rosamond, "if you get sleepy, you will not hear him after all."

"O!" replied Mrs. Marbury, "I am never sleepy in church. I am always so attentive that I never feel in the least drowsy."

"O! indeed, aunt, I have often seen you asleep in church," exclaimed Rosamond.

"Impossible, Rosamond, impossible," cried Mrs. Marbury. "You are entirely mistaken. It must have been merely your own imagination."

"Why, dear aunt," said Rosamond, "my father and mother, as well as myself have all seen you asleep in church. If it was not true, the whole family could not imagine it. It was but last evening I heard my mother say that she wished you had not taken a notion to go to church with us on Sunday, as it would prevent her from inviting Miss Leeson, whom she likes far better than you. She said, beside, that fat people take up so much room, that they are always incumbrances every where; and that there was no use at all in your going to church; as you slept soundly all the time you were there, and even breathed so hard as to disturb the congregation."

"And what did your father say to all this?"

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asked Mrs. Marbury, turning very pale and looking much shocked and mortified.

"My father," answered Rosamond, "said that on account of your money we must endure you, and all the inconveniences belonging to you, for if you were kept in good humour he had no doubt of your leaving him all your property when you die."

Mrs. Marbury looked aghast. She burst into tears, and Rosamond, finding that she had gone quite too far, vainly attempted to pacify her.

"You may go home, child," exclaimed Mrs. Marbury, sobbing with anger, "you may go home, and tell your father and mother that I shall not trouble them with my company at church or any where else, and when I die I shall leave my money to the hospital or to some other institution. How have I been deceived! But I shall take care in future not to bestow my affection on those that have any expectations from me."

Rosamond, now very much frightened, declared that she could not take such a message to her parents, and begged her aunt to screen her from their displeasure, by not informing them of the communication she had so indiscreetly made.

Her alarm and agitation were so great, that Mrs. Marbury consented out of pity, not to betray her to her father and mother, and to excuse herself from going to church with them (which she declared she could never do again) by alleging the heat of the weather, and the probable crowd.

"And now, Rosamond," said her Aunt Marbury, "do not think that I feel at all obliged to you for having opened my eyes as to the manner in which your parents really regard me. Their behaviour to me, as far as I could judge for myself, has always been exactly what I wished it; and if their kindness was not sincere, I still thought it so, and was happy in being deceived. And now, after what you have told me, how can I again think of them as I have hitherto done? You have acted basely towards them in repeating their private conversation, and cruelly to your kind aunt, in giving her unnecessary pain and mortification. You have caused much mischief, and who has been the gainer? Not yourself certainly. You have lost my good opinion, for I can never like a tell-tale. I had heard something of your being addicted to this vice, but till now I could not believe it. I shall not betray you to your parents, though you have so shamefully be-

trayed *them to me* ; but you may rely on it that sooner or later the discovery will be made, to your utter shame and confusion. Now you may go home, with the assurance that you can no longer be a welcome visitor at my house."

Rosamond departed, overwhelmed with compunction ; and in the resolution (which she had so often made and so often broken) never again to be guilty of a similar fault. She gave her aunt's message to her parents, and Miss Lesson was invited to accompany them next day to church.

Two days after, Mrs. Evering went to visit Mrs. Marbury, and to her great surprise heard from the servants that she had left town with some western friends who were returning home, and that she purposed being absent from Philadelphia five or six months ; dividing her time among various places on the other side of the Alleghanies, and probably extending her tour to Louisiana, where she owned some land.

Her going away so suddenly without apprizing them of her intention, was totally inexplicable to Mr. and Mrs. Evering, and they justly concluded that she must have taken some offence. Rosamond well knew the cause,

and rightly supposed that her aunt finding herself unable to meet the family with her former feelings towards them, had thought it best to avoid seeing them for a very long time.

The confusion visible in Rosamond's face and manner when Mrs. Marbury was spoken of, aroused the suspicions of her father and mother : and on their questioning her, closely, she confessed, with many tears, that she had really informed her aunt of what had passed on the subject of her accompanying them to church. But as tell-tales have very little candour where themselves are concerned, and as tale-telling always leads to lying, she steadily denied that she had been guilty of the slightest exaggeration in her report to Mrs. Marbury ; protesting that she had told her nothing but the simple truth.

From that time, Rosamond was not allowed to visit or call at any house unaccompanied by her mother, who was almost afraid to trust her out of her sight. Her parents avoided discussing any thing of the least consequence in *her* presence ; always remembering to send her out of the room. This mode of treatment very much mortified her, but she could not help acknowledging that she deserved it.

Her father received no intelligence from Mrs. Marbury. He and Mrs. Evering both wrote to her at different times, endeavouring to mollify her displeasure ; but not knowing exactly where she was, the letters were not directed to the right places, and did not reach her.

For a long time Rosamond was so unusually discreet, that her parents began to hope that her odious fault was entirely cured.

One day, her chamber having been washed in the afternoon, it was found too damp for her to sleep in with safety to her health, and her mother told her that she must that night occupy the room adjoining hers. This room, which was but seldom used, was separated from Mrs. Evering's apartment by a very thin partition ; and communicated with it by a door which was almost always kept closed ; the bed in each of these chambers being placed against it.

Rosamond, having been awakened in the night by the fighting of some cats in the yard, heard her father and mother in earnest conversation. They had totally forgotten her vicinity to them, and as tell-tales are never wanting in curiosity, she sat up in her bed and applying her ear to the key-hole of the door, she

distinctly heard every word they said, though they were speaking in a low voice.

She was soon able to comprehend the subject of their conversation. Mr. Evering was lamenting that the failure of a friend for whom he had indorsed to a large amount, had brought him into unexpected difficulties ; but he hoped that he would be able to go on till the sums due to him by some western merchants should arrive.

Next evening Rosamond was permitted to go to a juvenile cotillion party, held once a fortnight, at the ball-room of her dancing-master. To this place her mother always accompanied her, and while Mrs. Evering was sitting in conversation with some ladies, a boy named George Granby, who was frequently her partner at these balls, came up and asked her to dance. They were obliged to go to the farthest end of the room before they could get places in a cotillion, and while they were waiting for the music to begin, George, who thought Rosamond a very pretty girl, asked her if she would also be his partner in the country-dance. She replied that Henry Harford had engaged her at the last ball for this country-dance.

" Oh ! " replied George Granby, " Henry

Harford will not be here to-night ; his father failed yesterday."

"True," said Rosamond, "I wonder I should have forgotten Mr. Harford's failure, when my father lost so much by him. But when the fathers fail, must the children stay away from balls?"

"Certainly," replied George, "it would be considered very improper for the family to be seen in any place of amusement when its head is in so much trouble, and when they have lost all they possessed."

"O then," exclaimed Rosamond, "I hope *my* father will not fail till the cotillion-parties are over for the season. There are but two more, and I should be very sorry to give them up. I hope he will be able to go on at least till after that time. How sorry I shall be when he *does* fail."

"I believe you," said George, "but what makes you talk about your father's failing. I thought he was considered safe enough."

"Ah! you know but little about it," answered Rosamond. "I heard him tell my mother last night, that he was in hourly dread of failing, in consequence of the great losses by Mr. Harford, and of his own business having gone on badly for a long time. However,

say nothing about it, for such things ought not to be told."

"They ought not, indeed," said the boy.

As soon as George Granby went home, he repeated what he had heard from Rosamond, to his father, who was one of Mr. Evering's creditors. The consequence was, that Mr. Granby and all the other creditors took immediate measures to secure themselves, and Mr. Evering who could have gone on till he got through his difficulties, had he been allowed time, and had the state of his affairs remained unsuspected, became a bankrupt through the worse than indiscretion of his daughter. Had Mrs. Marbury been in town, or where he could have had speedy communication with her, he had no doubt she would have lent him assistance to ward off the impending blow. But she had gone away in a fit of displeasure occasioned also by the tattling of Rosamond.

Mr. Granby, who was the principal creditor and a man of contracted feelings and great severity, showed no liberality on the occasion, and proceeded to the utmost extremity that the law would warrant. Every article of Mr. Evering's property was taken, and indeed since it had come to this, his principles would not

allow him to reserve any thing whatever from his creditors.

The scene that ensued in the Evering family on the day following the ball, can better be imagined than described. Mr. Granby had at once informed Mr. Evering of the source from whence he had derived his information with respect to the posture of his affairs ; and when Rosamond found this new and terrible proof of the fatal effects of her predominant vice, she went into an hysteric fit, and was so ill all night, that her parents, in addition to their other troubles, had to fear for the life of their daughter. The sufferings of her mind brought on a fever, and it was more than a week before she was able to leave her bed.

Her father and mother kindly forgave her, and avoided all reference to her fault ; but she could not forgive herself, and on the day that they left their handsome residence in one of the principal streets, and removed to a small mean-looking house in the suburbs, her agony was more than words can express. All their furniture was sold at auction, even Rosamond's piano, and her mother's work-table. Their most expensive articles of clothing were put away, as in their present circumstances it would be improper to wear them. The house

they now inhabited contained only one little parlour with a kitchen back of it, and three small rooms up-stairs. Their furniture was limited to what was barely useful and of the cheapest kind. Their table was as plain as possible, and their only servant a very young black girl.

This sad change in their way of living, added to the stings of self-reproach, almost broke Rosamond's heart, and her pride was much shocked when she found that her father had applied for the situation of clerk in a counting-house, as a means of supporting his family till something better should offer.

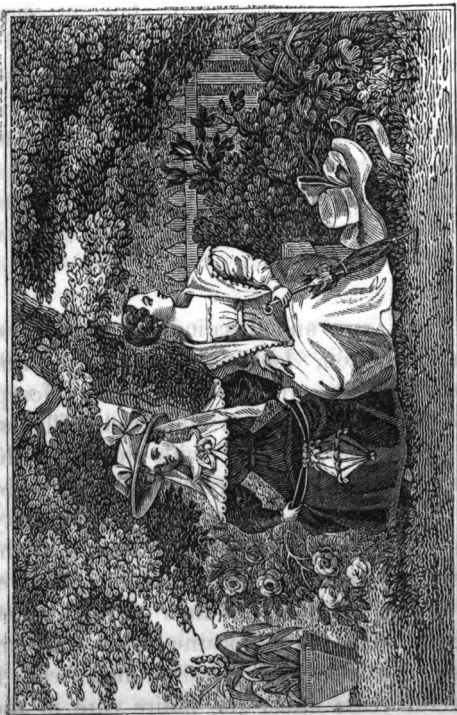
At length Mrs. Marbury returned, having hurried back to Philadelphia as soon as the intelligence of her nephew's failure had reached her. How did she blame herself for having taken such serious offence at what now appeared to her almost too trifling to remember. All her former regard for the Evering family returned. She sought them immediately in their humble retreat, and offered Mr. Evering her assistance to the utmost farthing she could command.

To conclude, Mr. Evering's affairs were again put in train. He resumed his business,

and a few years restored him to his former situation.

This sad but salutary lesson produced a lasting effect on Rosamond, and from that time she kept so strict a watch over her ruling passion, that she succeeded in entirely eradicating it. She grew up a discreet and amiable girl, and no one who knew her in after years could have believed that till the age of fourteen she had been an incorrigible tell-tale.

THE WEEK OF IDLENESS.



They looked awhile towards a nursery of young peach-trees at one side of the garden, and then they turned and looked towards a clover-field on the other side. Josephine pulled the strings of her reticule backwards and forwards, and Rosalind counted the palisades in the fence of the kitchen-garden.

THE WEEK OF IDLENESS.

" Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it was, and weary wo."

Thomson,

ADELAIDE and Rosalind, the daughters of Mr. Edington, looked forward with much pleasure to the arrival of their cousin, Josephine Sherborough, from Maryland. She was to spend the summer with them, at their father's country residence on the beautiful bay of New-York, a few miles below the city ; and, though they had never seen her, they were disposed to regard Josephine as a very agreeable addition to their family society. Having had the misfortune to lose their mother, Adelaide and Rosalind had been for several years under the entire care of their governess, Mrs. Mortlake ; a highly accomplished and most amiable woman, whom they loved and respected as if she had been their

parent, and by whose instructions they had greatly profited.

It was on a beautiful evening in June, that Josephine Sherborough was *certainly* expected, after several disappointments within the last two or three weeks. The Miss Edingtons and their governess were seated on one of the long settees, in the portico that extended along the front of Mr. Edington's house. Mrs. Mortlake was sewing, Rosalind reading aloud, and Adelaide, with her drawing materials before her, was earnestly engaged in colouring a sketch of a fishing-boat at anchor, beautifully reflected in the calm water, and tinted with the glowing rays of the declining sun. As she put in the last touches, she hoped before the summer was over that she should improve so much in her drawing as to be enabled to attempt a view of the bay with its green shores ; its island fortresses ; and its numerous ships, some going out on a voyage to distant regions, others coming home with the merchandise and the news of Europe.

" Now," exclaimed Adelaide, " I see the smoke of the steam-boat, just behind Castle Williams. My father and Josephine will soon be here. I am glad my drawing is so nearly

completed. In a few minutes it will be finished."

"And in a few minutes," said Rosalind, "I shall conclude the story that I am reading."

"Do you not now think," asked Mrs. Mortlake, "I was right in proposing that we should protract our usual afternoon occupations an hour beyond the usual time, as we are expecting the arrival of your father and your cousin? This last hour would have seemed twice its real length, if we had done nothing, all the while, but strain our eyes in gazing up the bay for the steam-boat, saying every few minutes, 'Oh, I wish they were come!'"

In a short time, Adelaide exclaimed, "Here is the steam-boat. I see they are depositing several trunks in the little boat at the side. And now it is let down to the water. And now a gentleman and young lady descend the steps, and take their seats in it. How fast it cuts its way through the foam that is raised by the tow-line. In a moment it will touch the wharf. Here they come. There is my father; and it *must* be Josephine that is with him!"

The sisters then ran down the steps of the portico, and in a moment were at the landing-place, where Mr. Edington, as soon as he had assisted her to step on shore, introduced them

to Josephine Sherborough, a fat, fair, pale young lady, about fourteen, with a remarkably placid countenance which immediately won the regard of Rosalind : who determined in her own mind that Josephine was a very sweet girl, and that they should ever hereafter be intimate and most particular friends. Adelaide, who was two years older than Rosalind, and who had more penetration, was not so violently prepossessed in favour of her cousin, whose face she thought deficient in animation, and whose movements were more slow and heavy than those of any young girl she had ever seen.

When tea was over, the sisters proposed to Josephine a walk round the garden, which was large and very beautiful ; but she complained of being excessively tired, and said that she would much rather go to-bed. This somewhat surprised her cousins, as they knew that Josephine had been three days in the city with the friends under whose care she had come from Maryland ; and they thought that she must have had ample time to recover from the fatigue of her journey : to which her last little trip in the steam-boat could not have added much. Rosalind, who was a year younger than Josephine, accompanied her to

the chamber prepared for her accommodation, where Josephine, looking round disconsolately, inquired if there was no servant to undress her. Rosalind volunteered to perform this office, and Josephine said she would ring the bell for one of the maids, when she wished to get up in the morning.

She kept the family waiting breakfast for her till nine o'clock, and then came down in a white slip or loose gown, her hair still pinned up, her eyes half shut, and her face evidently not washed. Mr. Edington, whose business in the city made it necessary for him to be there at an early hour, had long since breakfasted, and gone up to town in the boat; and in a few days the rest of the family ceased to wait for her, and the housekeeper was directed to have a fresh breakfast prepared for Miss Sherborough whenever she came down.

The first days of Josephine's visit ought, in Rosalind's opinion, to have been devoted entirely to the amusement of their guest, and she was urgent with Mrs. Mortlake, to allow Adelaide and herself a week of holiday. Their governess told them that she would have been willing to grant this indulgence if Josephine was to remain with them a week only: but as she was to stay all summer, it would of

course be impossible for them every day to give up their usual occupations, and therefore it was better to begin as they were to go on. She reminded Rosalind that if they were attentive and industrious, they would get through their lessons the sooner, and have the more time for recreation with their visitor.

After Josephine had breakfasted, Mrs. Mortlake offered to show her the children's library, that she might amuse herself with any of the books she chose, while her cousins were engaged in their morning employments. Josephine thanked her, but said she could entertain herself very well without books, and that she believed she would take a walk in the garden. She accordingly put on her bonnet, and strolled up and down the walks gazing listlessly at the flowers. She attempted to gather some strawberries, but found it too fatiguing to stoop down to the beds, and satisfied herself with plucking currants and gooseberries from the bushes. She then sat in the arbour for awhile, and looked all the time straight down the middle walk. When she was tired of the arbour, she established herself on a circular bench which ran round a large walnut-tree, and then she counted all the windows at the back part of the house. When this was

accomplished, she counted them all over again; and then, finding the sun had become very powerful, she went into the front-parlour, the shutters of which were bowed to exclude the heat, and throwing herself at full length on the sofa, she in a few minutes fell into a profound sleep, from which she did not awaken till her cousins entered the room in search of her, after their lessons were over. They took her up stairs into the apartment they called their play-room, and showed her a variety of things which would have been very amusing to a girl that knew how to be amused. There was a lacquered Chinese cabinet, containing a great number of curiosities brought by their uncle from Canton: and a large box with shelves, on which were various specimens of Indian ingenuity, presented to the children by a gentleman who had travelled all over the country beyond the Mississippi. Their library consisted of a beautiful and entertaining selection of juvenile books, and they had a portfolio filled with fine prints of such subjects as are particularly interesting to young people. They showed her a representation of the grand procession at the Coronation of the king of England, printed on a long narrow roll of

paper pasted on silk, which paper was unwound like a ribbon-yard from a Tunbridge-ware box, and it could be screwed up again after being sufficiently seen. It was many yards in length, and the figures (which were almost innumerable) were elegantly designed, and beautifully coloured. They had also a little theatre, with a great number of scenes, and a variety of very small dolls, dressed in appropriate habits to personate the actors. Besides all these things, they had a closet full of amusing toys; and in short the play-room was amply stored with a profusion of whatever was necessary to the enjoyment of their leisure hours.

But all was lost on Josephine. While Adelaide and Rosalind were assiduous in showing and explaining to her every thing, she heard them with listlessness and apathy, and made not the slightest remark. At last, she said "We will reserve some of these sights for to-morrow. I must go and dress myself for dinner. Oh! how I hate to dress. It is an odious task. I must have Mary to assist me again, for I never *can* get through the fatigue of dressing myself, and fixing my hair."

In the afternoon, Adelaide and Rosalind took their sewing, and seated themselves with Mrs.

Mortlake in the porch. As Josephine appeared to have no work, Mrs. Mortlake gave her a volume of Miss Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*, and requested her to read one of them aloud. Josephine took the book and began to read "The Prussian Vase," but with so monotonous and inarticulate a tone, or rather drawl, that it was painful to hear her: and her cousins were not sorry, when at the end of three or four pages, she stopped, and complained that she was too much fatigued to read any more.

Mrs. Mortlake then desired Adelaide, who read extremely well, to take the book and continue the story, but in a short time Josephine was discovered to be asleep. When Adelaide ceased reading, Josephine awoke, and saying that she could not live without her afternoon nap, went up stairs to lie down on her bed.

She slept till near tea-time, and when tea was over, her cousins and Mrs. Mortlake prepared for a walk, and invited Josephine to join them. This she did, but in less than ten minutes she complained so much of fatigue, that Rosalind turned back and accompanied her home, and she reclined on the settee in the porch till the lamps were lighted in the front-parlour. The girls then showed Josephine a

portable Diorama, containing twelve beautiful coloured views of castles, abbeys, temples, and mountain scenery. Each of these exquisite little landscapes was fixed in turn as the back scene of a sort of miniature stage. The skies and lights of these views were all transparent, and there were other skies which turned on rollers, and represented sun-rise, moon-light, sun-shine, and thunder-clouds. These second skies being placed behind those of the picture, were slowly unrolled by turning a small handle, and produced the most varied and beautiful effects on the scenery, which could thus at pleasure be illuminated gradually with sunshine or moon-beams, or darkened with the clouds of a gathering storm. But Josephine saw this charming exhibition without a single comment, being evidently much inclined to yawn as she looked at it; and getting again very sleepy, she soon retired to her bed.

Next morning, Mrs. Mortlake invited her to bring her sewing into the school-room, and sit there while her cousins were at their lessons. But Josephine replied that she hated sewing and never did any. However, she took her seat in the school-room, and a kitten soon after came purring round her; so she put it on her lap, and stroked and patted

it till the lessons were over, and the girls went up stairs to amuse themselves till dinner-time.

Adelaide tried to induce Josephine to look at some of the beautiful prints in the portfolio, but she found it necessary to explain them all to her as if she was showing them to a child of three years old.

Rosalind proposed that they should all go on the roof of the house (it being flat on the top and guarded with a railing) to look at the beauty and wide extent of the prospect; and taking their parasols to screen their heads from the sun, they went up through a very convenient trap-door at the head of an easy little stair-case. The view from the roof of Mr. Edington's house was certainly very fine, comprising the bay with its islands and fortresses, its boats and vessels of every description, the distant lighthouse at Sandy Hook, and the blue ocean rolling beyond it: and at the other end of the scene, behind a forest of masts, rose the city of New-York with its numerous spires glittering in the sun-light.

Fine as the prospect was, Josephine showed no symptom of admiration, but as they came down through the garret passage, she spied an old rocking-chair standing in a corner.

h*

ner among some lumber. (Parlour rocking-chairs were not yet in general use.) She turned her head and looked at it with longing eyes. "Ah!" said she, "that is the very thing I have been suffering for ever since I left home. Do let me beg to have it in my room." Rosalind accordingly carried the chair into the apartment of Josephine, who immediately seated herself and began to rock with great satisfaction, at which most interesting amusement she continued till near dinner-time. The rocking-chair was next day taken into the school-room, and with that and the kitten, Josephine appeared to get through the morning rather contentedly.

The afternoon was again devoted to a long nap, and in the evening Josephine reclined on the front-parlour sofa, and entertained herself by running her finger a hundred times over the brass nails.

Several days passed on in a similar manner. One morning when they were all in the play-room, Josephine said to her cousins. "What a very hard life you are obliged to endure. Neither of you have a moment of rest from the time you leave your beds in the morning, till you return to them at night. First, there is your rising with the sun and going to work in

your little gardens. I am sure you might make your father's gardener do all that business?

Adelaide. But we take great pleasure in it ; and when we see our flowers growing and blooming, the interest they excite in us is much increased by knowing that we have raised them from the seed, or planted the roots ourselves, and that we have assisted their growth by watering, weeding, tying them, and clearing them from insects. And is it not pleasant to find that the fruit-stones, we planted a few years since in our little orchard, have produced trees that are now loaded with fruit? The red cherries, we had last evening after tea, were from one of my trees, and the large black cherries were from Rosalind's. And in August we shall have our own plums and peaches.

Josephine. I am sure it is much less trouble to buy these things, than to cultivate them ; and as to the amusement, I can see none. Then there are those awful lessons that are always to come on after breakfast. The writing, and cyphering, and grammar, and geography, and history, one day : and the French, and music, and drawing, the next : and the reading and sewing every afternoon : and the

walk every evening. Even your play-time, as you call it, is a time of perpetual fatigue : your plays all seem to require so much skill and ingenuity. And then on Saturday morning, to think that you are obliged to go into the housekeeper's room and learn to make cakes, and pastry, and sweetmeats, and all such things. I am sure if I was never to eat cakes till I assisted in making them, I should go without all my life. It seems to me that your whole existence is a course of uninterrupted toil.

Rosalind. There is much truth in what you say, my dear Josephine. But I own it never struck me before.

Adelaide. We have always been perfectly happy in our occupations and amusements : and the longest day in summer seems too short for us.

Josephine. Too short, perhaps, to get through such a quantity of work, for I consider all this as *real hard work*. I am glad that I have not been brought up in such a laborious manner. My parents love me too much to make me uncomfortable even for a moment, or to cause me in any way the slightest fatigue. I have spent my whole life in ease and peace, doing nothing but what I pleased, and

never learning but when I chose. I have not been troubled with either a school or a governess; my mother (who was herself educated at a boarding-school) having determined, as I was her only child, to instruct me at home.

Adelaide saw that it was in vain to argue the point any farther, but the foolish reasoning of Josephine made a great impression on Rosalind; so true it is, that "evil communication corrupts good manners," and she was seized with an earnest desire to participate in the happiness of doing nothing.

Next morning, Rosalind went to her lessons with great reluctance, and consequently did not perform them well. On the following day she was equally deficient, and in the afternoon when Josephine went up stairs to take her nap, Rosalind, looking after her, exclaimed, "Happy girl! How I envy her!"

"Envy her!" said Adelaide, "of all the people I am acquainted with, I think Josephine Sherborough is the least to be envied."

Rosalind. She is not troubled with lessons, and sewing as we are. She can do whatever she pleases the whole day long. No wonder she is fat, when she is so perfectly comfortable. For my part, I expect, in the course

of another year, to be worn to a skeleton with such incessant application.

Adelaide. But without application how is it possible to learn?

Rosalind. I would rather put off my learning till I am older, and have strength to bear such dreadful fatigue.

Adelaide. I do not find it fatiguing. I am sure our lessons are not very long, and Mrs. Mortlake is so kind and gentle, that it is a pleasure to be instructed by her; and she explains every thing so sensibly and intelligibly.

Rosalind. But where is the use of learning every thing before we grow up?

Adelaide. Because, as Mrs. Mortlake says, children (if they are not *too young*) learn faster than grown persons; their memories are better, as they have not yet been overloaded, and they have nothing of importance to divert their attention from their lessons.

Rosalind. I would rather grow up as ignorant as our tenant's wife, Dutch Katy, than be made such a slave as I am now. I am sure Katy's life is an easy one compared to mine.

Adelaide, smiling. Consider it not so deeply.

Rosalind. Yes, I will, for I am out of pa-

tience. I wish it was the fashion to be ignorant.

Adelaide. Fortunately it is *not*. To say nothing of the disgrace of being ignorant when it is known we have had opportunities of acquiring knowledge, persons whose minds are vacant, have but few enjoyments. For instance, as Josephine knows nothing of music, it gives her no pleasure to hear the finest singing and playing, even such as Mrs. Mortlake's. As she has no idea of drawing, she takes not the least delight in looking at beautiful pictures. Having never been in the habit of reading, she wonders how it is possible to be amused with a book; and as she has no knowledge of history or geography, she often, when she *does* read, is puzzled with allusions to those subjects; and a French word is as unintelligible to her, as if it were Greek. Plants and animals do not interest her, because she has scarcely an idea of the properties or attributes of any of the productions of Nature. And what is worse than all, she takes no pleasure in listening to the conversations of sensible people, because she is incapable of understanding it: her comprehension being only equal to the most frivolous topics.

Rosalind. Notwithstanding all this, her life passes calmly and pleasantly, and I am sure she is much happier than we are.

Adelaide. Speak for yourself, Rosalind. For my part I do not wish to be more happy than I am.

Rosalind. Well, I thought so too, till I knew Josephine. And she is by no means so dull as you suppose.

Adelaide. Perhaps she is not naturally stupid, but indulgence and indolence have so benumbed her understanding, that it seems now incapable of the smallest effort.

At this moment Mrs. Mortlake came down with a book in her hand, for the afternoon reading.

"Rosalind," said she, "as my room is over the porch, and the windows are open, I could not avoid hearing all you have just been saying, particularly as you spoke very loudly. As I do not wish to see either of my pupils *unhappy*, I will gratify your desire, and both you and Adelaide (if it is also her wish) may pass a week entirely without occupation ; in short, a week of idleness.

Adelaide. O no, dear Mrs. Mortlake : I have no desire to avail myself of your offer. I

would much rather continue my usual employments.

Rosalind. A week of entire leisure ! O, how delightful !

Mrs. Mortlake. But, during that time, neither you nor Josephine must come into the school-room.

Rosalind. O, indeed ! we shall not desire it.

Mrs. Mortlake. Neither must you read.

Rosalind. Well !—I am sure I have read enough to last me my life-time. Where is the use of reading story-books that are all invention, describing people that never lived ; or of poring over voyages and travels to countries I shall never visit ; or of studying the histories of dead kings.

Mrs. Mortlake. You must not sew.

Rosalind. I never *did* find it very entertaining to stick a needle and thread into a piece of muslin and pull it through again.

Mrs. Mortlake. You must not draw.

Rosalind. I do not see the pleasure of rubbing red and blue and green paint on little plates, and dabbling in tumblers of water with camel's-hair pencils, and daubing colours on white paper.

Mrs. Mortlake. You must not play on the piano or on the harp.

Rosalind. Well! What sense is there in pressing down your fingers first on bits of ivory, and then on bits of ebony, and staring at crotchets and quavers all the time? or where is the use of twanging and jerking the strings of a harp?

Mrs. Mortlake. You must not work in your garden.

Rosalind. So much the better. Then I shall neither dirty my hands with pulling up the weeds, nor splash my feet with the water-pot.

Mrs. Mortlake. You may sleep as much as you please, but you must not rise before nine o'clock.

Rosalind. O, how delightful, not to be obliged to jump out of bed at day-light! Dearest Mrs. Mortlake, if I could have a *month* of ease and comfort, instead of only a week——

Mrs. Mortlake. Well,—if at the end of the week you still desire it, perhaps I may protract the indulgence to a longer period.

Rosa. Dear Mrs. Mortlake, how kind you are. When shall my happiness begin? As to-morrow is Saturday, when we *always* have

a half holiday, and next day Sunday, when we go to the city to attend church, I think, notwithstanding my impatience, I would rather commence my week of felicity regularly on Monday morning.

Mrs. Mortlake. Very well, then : On Monday morning let it be.

Adelaide. I am sorry to hear you call your anticipated week of idleness a week of felicity.

Rosalind. Oh ! I am sure I shall find it so ; and you will regret not having also accepted Mrs. Mortlake's kind offer.

Adelaide. I fear no regret on that subject.

Mrs. Mortlake. Say no more, Adelaide. Wait till we see the event of Rosalind's experiment.

Rosalind. I hope Josephine's afternoon nap will not be as long as usual : I am so impatient to tell her. O, how we shall enjoy ourselves together !

When Josephine awoke and heard of the new arrangement, she was as much delighted as *she* could be at any thing, and she begged that Rosalind might be allowed to share her chamber during this happy week.

Monday morning came, and Rosalind, (such is the power of habit) awoke, as usual, with the dawn ; but soon recollected that she was not to get up till nine o'clock. She saw the light gleaming through the venetian shutters, and she heard the morning song of the scarlet oriole, whose nest was in a locust-tree close to the window, and the twittering of the martins as they flew about their box, which was affixed to the wall just below the roof of the house. She heard Adelaide, who was in the next room, get up to dress herself, and exclaim as she threw open the shutters, "O, what a beautiful sun-rise !" Rosalind felt some desire to enjoy the loveliness of the early morning, but determined to remain in bed and indulge herself with another nap. She turned and shook her pillow, and tumbled about for a long time before she could get to sleep, and at last she awoke again just as the clock was striking seven. She had still two hours to remain in bed, and she found the time extremely tedious. "Are you asleep, Josephine ?" said she. "No," replied Josephine, "I am never asleep after this hour."

Rosalind. Why then do you remain in bed ?

Josephine. O, because I hate to get up,

Rosalind. Well then, let us talk.

Josephine. O, no! I never talk in bed. For even when I do not sleep I am not quite awake.

At length it was nine, and at the first stroke of the clock, Rosalind started from her bed, and began to wash and dress herself. When the girls went down stairs, they found the family breakfast had long been over, and they had theirs on a little table in the corner of the room. Rosalind thought it did not taste very well; probably, because remaining so long in bed, had taken away her appetite.

After breakfast, they went out and walked a little while in the most shady part of the garden. Then they sat down, first in the arbour of honeysuckles, then on the green bank behind the ice-house, then on a garden chair, and then on the bench at the foot of the great walnut tree. They picked a few currants and ate them, and they gathered some roses and smelled them. For some time they held their parasols over their heads, and then they shut them and made marks on the gravel with the ends of the ivory sticks. They looked a-while at a nursery of young peach trees at one side of the garden, and then they turned

and looked towards a clover-field on the other side. Josephine pulled the strings of her reticule backwards and forwards, and Rosalind counted the palisades in the fence of the kitchen-garden. At last a bright idea struck her, and she gathered some dandelions that were going to seed, and blew off the down, recommending the same amusement to Josephine, who, after two or three trials, gave it up.

"Suppose we go to the play-room," said Rosalind. Josephine assented, and they slowly walked back to the house and ascended the stairs. "Now," said Rosalind, "we can play domino *in the morning*. Generally, we never amuse ourselves with any of those little games in the day-time, though we have domino, draughts, and loto, sometimes in the evening." They played domino awhile in a very spiritless manner, and then they tried draughts and loto, which they also soon gave up; Josephine saying, that all these games required too much attention. She then had recourse to the rocking-chair, and Rosalind took some white paper and cut out fly-traps; in which amusements they tried to get rid of the time till near the dinner-hour, when they combed their hair, and changed their dresses. Adelaide did not

join them in the play-room, being much engaged with a very amusing book.

After dinner, Rosalind accompanied Josephine to her room to take a nap likewise. But she found it so warm, and turned and tossed about so much, and had such difficulty in fixing herself in a comfortable position, that she thought if it was not for the name of taking a nap, she had better have stayed up as usual. Josephine had less difficulty, being accustomed to afternoon-sleeping, and at length Rosalind shut her eyes and fell into a sort of uneasy doze.

When they awoke, Rosalind proposed that they should put on their frocks, and go down into the porch, where Mrs. Mortlake and Adelaide were reading and sewing. But Josephine thought it would be much less trouble to sit in their loose gowns until near tea-time, To this Rosalind agreed, and they sat and gazed at the river. But it happened *that* afternoon that no ships came in, and only one went out, and all the steam-boats kept far over towards the opposite shore. They were glad when the bell rung for tea, for when people do nothing, their meals are a sort of amusement, and are therefore expected with anxious interest. In the evening they declined joining

Mrs. Mortlake and Adelaide in their usual long walk, and took a short stroll under the willows on the bank of the river ; after which they returned to the parlour, where Mr. Edington sat reading the newspaper, and Josephine threw herself on the sofa, while Rosalind sat beside her on a chair and played with the kitten.

Next morning, their amusements in the garden were a little diversified by playing jackstones and platting ribbon-grass ; and when they went up to the play-room, Rosalind looking among her old toys found a doll, long since laid aside, and a basket with its clothes. She offered the doll to Josephine proposing that she should dress it : but Josephine said " I would rather look at you, while *you* do it." Rosalind accordingly drest the doll in two different suits, one after another, but soon grew tired, and had recourse to an ivory cup and ball, which she failed to catch with as much dexterity as usual. She gave Josephine a wooden lemon, which on being opened in the middle contained a number of other lemons one within another, and diminishing in size till the last and smallest was no bigger than a pea. When Josephine had got through the lemon, Rosalind took it, and resigned the cup

and ball to her cousin, who soon gave it up as she could never make the cup catch the ball; and she again finished the morning with her never-failing resource the rocking-chair.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday having been passed in this manner, on Thursday Rosalind began to acknowledge to herself, what she had indeed suspected on the first day, that a life of entire idleness was not quite as agreeable as she had supposed. Having no useful or interesting occupation to diversify her time, she found that play had lost its relish, and now that she could play all day she found all plays tiresome. These three days had appeared to her of never-ending length, and she began to think that when her week of idleness had expired she would not solicit Mrs. Mortlake to prolong the term.

On Thursday afternoon she gave up her nap, and went and seated herself at the open window, that she might hear Mrs. Mortlake and Adelaide read aloud in the porch, and next morning she actually stopped and listened at the school-room door while Adelaide was repeating her French lesson, and she returned again and stood behind the door to hear Mrs. Mortlake instructing her sister in a new song accompanied on the harp. All that day and

the next, she felt as if she was actually sick of doing nothing, and she absolutely languished to be allowed once more to take a book and read, or to draw, and play on the piano. Even sewing, she thought, would now seem delightful to her.

On Saturday morning she met Adelaide in her brown linen apron with long sleeves, going into the housekeeper's room to assist in making cakes and pastry. She longed to go in with her and to do her part as formerly, and her longing increased when she heard the sound of beating eggs and grinding spice. She had hitherto looked forward with great pleasure to her holiday on Saturday afternoon. Now, after doing nothing all the week, Saturday afternoon had no charms for her, and she was glad to find it was to be devoted to a ride in the carriage, into a pleasant part of the adjacent country.

"Well, Rosalind," said Josephine, as they were taking off their bonnets after their return from the ride, "you have now spent a week in *my* way. Do you not wish you could pass your whole life in the same manner?"

Rosalind. No, indeed—nor even another week. This week of idleness has seemed to me like a month, and I have no desire to re-

new the experiment. I have never in my life gone to bed so tired as after those days of doing nothing. I find that want of occupation is to me absolute misery, though it may be very delightful to *you*, as you have been brought up in a different manner, and have never been accustomed to any sort of employment. Yet, still I think you would be much happier, if you had something to do."

In the evening, Mr. Edington said to his youngest daughter, "Well, Rosalind, how do you like your week of idleness? Are you going to request Mrs. Mortlake to lengthen the term of your enjoyment?"

Rosalind. O no, dear father; it has been no enjoyment to *me*. On the contrary, I am glad to think that it is now over. I have found it absolutely a punishment.

Mr. Edington. So I suspected.

Rosalind. And I deserved it for allowing myself to become dissatisfied with the manner in which Mrs. Mortlake chose that I should occupy myself. I am tired of lying in bed, tired of idleness, and tired of play. So, dear Mrs. Mortlake, be so kind as to let me rise at day-light on Monday morning, to work in my garden, and resume my lessons as usual.

You may depend on it I shall never again wish for a single day of idleness.

Mrs. Mortlake. I am very glad to hear you say so, my dear Rosalind. And I do not despair of at length convincing Josephine that she would be more happy if she had some regular employment.

That night Rosalind returned to her own chamber, and next morning she was up at day-light. It being Sunday, they went as usual to church in the city, and Rosalind was now delighted to pass the remainder of the day in reading a volume of Mrs. Sherwood's excellent work, the *Lady of the Manor*. A book now seemed like a novelty to her.

Next day, Rosalind went through her lessons with a pleasure she had never felt before, and when they were over, she highly enjoyed her two hours' recreation before dinner. She took no more afternoon-naps, and after a short time even Josephine was persuaded to give them up, and found it possible, after some practice, to keep awake while her cousins or Mrs. Mortlake were reading aloud in the porch.

Finally, Josephine became ashamed of being the only idle person in Mr. Edington's house, and was prevailed on by her uncle and

Mrs. Mortlake to join her cousins in their lessons. By degrees, and by giving her only a very little to learn at a time, and by having constantly before her such good examples as Adelaide and Rosalind, she entirely conquered her love of idleness. She was really not deficient in natural capacity, and she soon began to take pleasure in trying to improve herself, so that when she returned to Maryland, she carried with her a newly-acquired taste for rational pursuits, which she never afterwards lost.

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MADELINE MALCOLM.



In performing one of her best steps, Madeline kicked down the lamp, which splashed over
her feet, and the lower part of her dress.

MADELINE MALCOLM.

Now here—now there—in noise and mischief ever.

Rogers.

“WELL, Juliet, how is your friend Cecilia Selden?” said Edward Lansdowne to his sister, as they were sitting by the parlour fire, in the interval between day-light and darkness. It was the evening after his arrival from Princeton College to spend a fortnight at Christmas with his family in Philadelphia.

Juliet. I believe Cecilia is very well. At least she was so when last I saw her, about five weeks since.

Edward. Is it five weeks since you have seen Cecilia Selden? You were formerly almost inseparable. I hope there has been no quarrel between you.

Juliet. None at all. But—somehow—I am tired of Cecilia Selden. She is certainly a very dull companion.

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Edward. Dull ! You once thought her very amusing. For my part, *I* always found her so. She has read a great deal, is highly accomplished, and as she travels every summer with her parents, she has had opportunities of seeing a variety of interesting places and people. And above all, she has an excellent natural understanding.

Juliet. But she is always so sensible and so correct, and every thing that she says and does is so very proper.

Edward. So much the better. You will improve by being intimate with her.

Juliet. I never shall be intimate again with Cecilia Selden. She is too particular, too fastidious. She does not like Madeline Malcolm.

Edward. And who is Madeline Malcolm ? I never heard of her before.

Juliet. Her father is our next-door neighbour. You know we did not live in this house when you were last in Philadelphia. The very day we moved, Madeline Malcolm came in to see us, in the midst of all our bustle and confusion, and stayed the whole afternoon. She said she had long been desirous of becoming acquainted with me, was delighted that we were now near neighbours, and there-

fore could not forbear running in to commence the intimacy immediately.

Edward. But "in the midst of all your bustle and confusion," it must have been very inconvenient to receive a visitor, and to entertain her the whole afternoon.

Juliet. Why,—we were a little disconcerted at first, but she begged of us not to consider her a stranger. She was just as sociable as if she had known us for seven years; and she was so queer, and there was so much fun in every thing she said and did, that she kept me laughing all the time.

Edward. I should like to see this prodigy of fun.

Juliet. No doubt you will soon have that pleasure; for she runs in and out the back way ten times a-day.

Juliet had scarcely spoken when they heard a voice in the entry, singing "I'd be a butterfly," and Madeline Malcolm, a tall, black-eyed, red-cheeked girl, with long ringlets of dark hair, came flying into the parlour, exclaiming, "What, still by fire-light—I shall have to pull your Peter's ears myself, if he does not mind his business and light the astral lamps sooner. O! here he comes. Now, Peter, proceed, and take yourself off as soon as you have accom-

plished the feat. Well,—now that there is no longer any danger of falling over this young gentleman, I must beg leave to be introduced to him in form. I surmise that he is the most learned Mr. Edward Lansdowne of Nassau-Hall, Princeton. Ah ! I have torn my frock on the fender. Just like me, you know.” Juliet immediately introduced her brother. “ Well, Ned,” exclaimed Miss Malcolm, “ you have come to make us happy at last. Your sister has talked so much about you that I have actually been longing for your arrival. Come, tell us the best news at college. I have a cousin there, but he has not been in town since the rebellion before the last. I suppose he goes to New-York to take his frolics. Come, tell us all the particulars about your last ‘ Barring Out ;’ I suppose it was conducted according to the newest fashion. Juliet, did you ever see any thing like Ned’s face ? A sort of mixed expression ; trying to smile and be agreeable, but looking all the time as if he could bar *me* out himself.”

In this manner she ran on for near half an hour, Juliet laughing heartily, and Edward not at all. At last she rose to go away, and when Juliet invited her to stay all the evening, she said she *must* go home, for they were

to have waffles at tea, and she would not miss them on any consideration. However, the tea-table in Mrs. Lansdowne's parlour being now set, she took a spoonful of honey which she dripped all over the cloth, and then giving Juliet a hearty kiss, she seized Edward's arm saying, "Come, Ned, escort me home. I am going in at the front-door this time, and there is always ice on our steps, so be sure that I do not fall."

When Edward took his leave at Madeline's door, she shook hands with him, saying, "Am I not a wild creature? You see how my spirits run away with me."

Edward came back with a countenance of almost disgust. "If this is your new friend," said he to his sister, "I must say that I consider her scarcely endurable. Why, she never saw me before this evening, and yet she is as familiar as if she had known me all her life. To think of her calling me Ned."

"Ah!" said Juliet with a smile, "I suspect *that* to be the grand offence, after all. But depend upon it, you will like her better when you know her better."

"I very much doubt my ever liking her at all," replied Edward.

Nothing could exceed the sociability of Madeline Malcolm. She breakfasted, dined, and drank tea at Mrs. Lansdowne's table nearly as often as at her father's, and she frequently ran in early in the morning; and scampered into Juliet's chamber before she had risen. Mr. and Mrs. Lansdowne both, whose dispositions were remarkably amiable and indulgent, did not approve of their daughter's intimacy with Madeline. They had spoken to her on the subject; but Madeline's frank and caressing manner, and her perpetual good-humour, had so won the heart of Juliet, that it was painful to her to hear a word against her friend, as she called her; and her parents concluded to let it pass for the present, trusting to Juliet's becoming eventually disgusted by some outrageous folly of Madeline's; who seemed to think her professed volatility an excuse for every thing, and that the appellation of a *wild creature*, which she took pride in giving herself, would screen her from any resentment her unwarrantable conduct might provoke.

Still, as Edward observed, she had a great deal of selfishness and cunning, as is general-

ly the case with wild creatures ; for when females have so little of the delicacy of their sex as to throw aside the restraints of propriety, the same want of delicacy makes them totally regardless of the feelings or convenience of others, and renders them callous to every thing like real sympathy or kindness of heart.

At home, Madeline was allowed to do exactly as she pleased ; her father's thoughts were perpetually in his counting-house, and her step-mother, who spent all her time in the nursery, was incessantly occupied with the care of a large family of young children, of whom Madeline never took the least account ; and she was so much at Mr. Lansdowne's that Juliet had few opportunities of returning her visits.

She borrowed all Juliet's best books, and did not scruple to lend them again to any body that she knew. Some of the books were never returned ; and others were brought back soiled, torn, and in a most deplorable condition. One of her jokes was to take up Juliet's muslin-work, and disfigure it with what she called gobble-stitch. She came in one day and found the parlour unoccupied, and Juliet's drawing-box on the table, with a beautiful landscape nearly finished. Madeline sat down

and daubed at it till it was nearly spoiled, and when Juliet discovered her at this employment, she turned it off with a laugh, insisting that she had greatly improved the picture. She found Juliet one evening engaged in copying a very scarce and beautiful song, which she had borrowed from her music-master, and which had never been published in America. On Juliet's being called up stairs for a few moments to her mother, Madeline took the pen and scribbled on the margin of the borrowed music some nonsensical verses of her own composition, in ridicule of the music-master.

Edward presented his sister at Christmas with a set of a new English Magazine, which contained biographical sketches and finely engraved portraits of some of the most celebrated female authors. Madeline came in soon after the arrival of the books, and having looked them over, she insisted on carrying one of the volumes home with her. Next day she brought it back, with a pair of spectacles drawn with a pen and ink round the eyes of each of the portraits that, as she said, "The learned ladies might look still wiser." Upon this Edward immediately left the room, lest his indignation should induce him to say

too much, and Juliet could not help warmly expressing her dissatisfaction. But Madeline pacified her by hanging round her neck and pleading that her love of fun was constantly leading her to do mischievous things; and that she was sure her darling Juliet loved her too well not to forgive her.

Cecilia Selden, a sensible and amiable girl, and formerly Juliet's most intimate friend, was an object of Madeline's particular dislike and ridicule, of which Cecilia perceived so many palpable symptoms that she had left off visiting at Mrs. Lansdowne's house; to the great regret of Edward.

Mrs. Templeton, a lady that lived at the distance of a few squares, gave a juvenile ball, to which Juliet and Edward were invited, and also Madeline with several of her little brothers and sisters. Soon after Juliet had gone up to her room to commence dressing, Madeline came in followed by a servant with two band-boxes, and exclaiming, "Well, Juliet, I have brought all my trappings, and have come here to dress with you, that I may escape being put in requisition at home to assist in decorating the brats, who will entirely fill up *our* carriage, so I am going to the ball in *yours*."

There now, get away from the glass and let me begin."

Juliet removed from the glass, and throwing a shawl over her shoulders, sat down by the fire, determined to wait patiently till Madeline had finished her toilet. But this was no expeditious matter. Madeline always professed to be too giddy to have her clothes in order, or to think of any thing before the last moment. Every article that she was to wear this evening required some alteration, which Juliet was called upon to make, till Lucy, a mulatto seamstress that lived in the family, came up to assist the young ladies in dressing. Madeline's white satin under-frock was longer than the gauze dress that she wore over it: and after it was put on, it was necessary to make it shorter by turning the hem up all round and running it along with a needle and thread. Her satin belt would not meet, and after a great deal of pulling and squeezing in vain, the only remedy was to take off the hooks and eyes and set them nearer to the ends. She desired Lucy to arrange her hair for her, which was a difficult task, as Madeline would not hold still a moment; and after it was at last accomplished, she declared that Lucy had made a fright of her, and de-

molished the whole structure with her own hands, strewing the floor with hair-pins and flowers. She then called Juliet to her assistance, and in the course of time her hair was finished to her satisfaction.

When Madeline was drest, she took a lamp from the mantelpiece and setting it on the floor, that she might see her feet to advantage with her embroidered silk stockings and white satin shoes, she began to caper and dance, and in performing one of her best steps she kicked down the lamp, which splashed all over her right foot, and over the lower part of her dress, beside deluging the carpet with oil. She screamed violently, and her volatility seemed to forsake her when she held up her beautiful gauze dress bespattered with lamp-oil. Juliet endeavoured to console her, and lent her another pair of silk stockings, and Lucy was sent to the nearest shoemaker's to bring several pair of white satin shoes that Madeline might choose from among them. But what was to be done with the disfigured frock? Madeline declared she had no other dress that was handsome enough to wear that evening, and said she would rather stay away from the ball than not look as she wished. Juliet, who was about the same size, offered to lend her a

frock, even the clear muslin she was to wear that night herself, but Madeline said that Juliet's dresses were all too plain for her, and that she had set her mind upon the white gauze and nothing else.

She continued to lament her misfortune, when a thought struck her that it was possible to conceal the spots of oil by arranging flowers round the lower part of the dress. But Juliet had no flowers, not having yet begun to wear them, and her mother had long since left them off. Madeline's whole stock of flowers was already disposed of on her head, and she protested against taking out a single one; saying, that it required a multitude to cover all the oil-stains.

At last she exclaimed, "I have just thought of it, Juliet,—There are plenty of flowers in the French vases on your front-parlour mantle-piece. I will have *them*. They will do exactly."—"But," said Juliet, "I know not that my mother will approve of the flowers being taken out of the vases."—"Nonsense," replied Madeline. "What a vastly proper person you are. Tell her that your volatile friend Madeline took them, and she will expect nothing better of such a wild creature."

So saying, she ran down stairs, and found Edward drest for the ball and waiting for them in the parlour. "Here, Ned, my boy," said she, "off with those glass shades, and hand me out the flowers from the vases. I have kicked over a lamp and splashed my frock with oil, and I must have all the flowers I can get, to hide the stains. Why do you look so dubious? I will send them safely back again to-morrow morning. What, won't you give them to me? Oh! then I shall make bold to help myself to them. She jumped on a chair, and was going to lift one of the glass shades, when Edward, fearful of the consequences, stepped up and took out the flowers for her, and when she had obtained them all she ran off with them in her lap, dropping them along the stairs as she went.

When she entered the chamber, she called out to Juliet, "Come now, dear creature, down on your knees with a pincushion in your hand, and pin these flowers all nicely round my frock, so as to cover every one of the vile oil-spots."—"Shall I do it, miss?" said the maid, who had just finished wiping up the oil that had fallen on the carpet, and which, however, left an indelible stain. "Miss Juliet will rum-

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ple her dress if she stoops down to put on the flowers."—"So much the better," said Madeline, "it will be an advantage to that new book-muslin to have a little of the stiffness taken out. Come, Lucy, you may hold the candle." Juliet then stooped down, and in a most painful posture proceeded to pin the flowers round Madeline's frock, which she did so adroitly as to conceal all the spots of oil.

Just as this business was completed, a servant brought into the room a small red morocco case, inclosing a beautiful pearl-necklace, and accompanied by a note from her grandfather, in which he requested her acceptance of it as a new-year's gift, and desired that she would wear it on that evening at Mrs. Templeton's ball.

While Juliet was admiring the necklace, Madeline took it out of her hand, saying, "Let me see how this looks on *my* neck. Beautiful—really beautiful. Ah, Juliet, it is so pretty I cannot bear to take it off again. Come, I shall wear it this evening."—"But indeed," said Juliet, "I should like very much to wear it myself; particularly as it is my grandfather's request."—"Nonsense," answered Madeline; "grandpa' is not going to the ball himself, and how will he know whether you wear it or

not ? And your father and mother are both at the theatre, and are ignorant even of its arrival. I forgot to bring a necklace with me : so this comes quite apropos. Come, I am not going to give it up this evening. Possession, you know, is nine points of the law : and your white neck requires no pearls to set it off."

" You know very well that my neck is *not* white," said Juliet.

" Well then," replied Madeline, " if it is brown, the pearls will make it look browner still. Positively you shall not have it to-night, if I run for it." Upon which she ran down stairs into the front-parlour, and pretended to hide behind the window-curtain, to save herself, as she told Edward, from the vengeance of Juliet, whose new necklace she had seized and carried off. Edward did not think this a very good joke ; however, he made no comment, and his sister coming down immediately after, he handed her and Madeline into the carriage, and accompanied them to Mrs. Templeton's.

At the ball the volatility of Madeline reached its climax. She talked, laughed, flirted, jumped, and occasionally appealed to those in the same cotillion to know if they had ever seen so wild a creature. Edward, however,

could not help observing her unkindness and rudeness to the little children, whom she pushed about and scolded whenever they came in her way. Two of her younger sisters were preparing to dance together, when Madeline and Edward, who were looking for a place, came up. "This cotillion is completed," said Edward, "and so, I believe, are all the others. Let us stand by and look on. I always enjoy seeing the children dance." "No indeed," said Madeline, "I had rather dance myself. Here, Ellen and Clara, go and sit down, and give us your places." The children began to object, but she pushed them away and commenced the cotillion, saying she was determined to dance every set.

The next set, however, no one asked Madeline to dance. She looked very much displeased at being obliged to sit still, and was still more so, when Charles Templeton brought up a very handsome little midshipman, in his uniform, who, on being introduced to both the young ladies, immediately requested the pleasure of Miss Lansdowne's hand for the next set.

Juliet stood up with the midshipman ; but there was some delay in forming the cotillions, and her partner perceived that one of his shoe-strings was broken. He asked Charles Tem-

pleton, who was in the next cotillion, if he would put him in the way of repairing the accident, and Charles desired the midshipman to accompany him to his room for the purpose. Madeline, who had heard all that passed, stepped up to Juliet and said to her—"Juliet, as you are one of the modest people, I suppose it will embarrass you to stand here till your partner comes back again ; so do you sit down, and I will stand and keep your place for you. You know I have brass enough for any thing."

Juliet, grateful for Madeline's unexpected kindness, and feeling really some embarrassment at standing up in the cotillion without her partner, consented willingly, and took Madeline's seat. In a few minutes the midshipman returned, and looked much surprised when he saw another young lady in the place of his partner ; but before he had time to consider why it was so, the music commenced, and Madeline began to right and left and led off the cotillion, disappointing Juliet of her dance.

The midshipman, however, did not speak to Madeline during the whole set, and when he had led her to a seat, he left her and went up to Edward and expressed his surprise that

Miss Lansdowne, after being engaged to dance with him, had substituted another young lady in her place. Edward, to whom his sister had explained how it happened, repeated her account to the midshipman, who was much vexed, and went immediately to apologize to Juliet and to ask her hand for the next set, which she was obliged to refuse, as she was pre-engaged both for that set and the following.

"So," said Madeline, as she passed Juliet on her way to the cotillion with a new partner, "you see I tricked you out of the smart young midshipman, who is the prettiest fellow in the room, and I was determined not to sit still a single set."

Madeline's volatility attracted the attention of the whole company, and the delight of finding herself an object of general notice gave her fresh spirits as she run to the very top of the country-dance, oversetting a little boy on her way, afterwards romping down the middle, and throwing herself into a seat the moment she had got to the bottom.

Soon after, while refreshments were handed round, she took an opportunity of purposely spilling a glass of lemonade on Cecilia Selton's pink crape frock, and she threw a piece of orange-peel in Edward's way that he might

slip on it, which he did, and very nearly fell down.

Juliet, who had recently recovered from a severe cold, brought with her into the ball-room a very handsome blue silk scarf, which her mother had lent her, enjoining her to put it on whenever she was not dancing, as a guard against being suddenly chilled when in a perspiration. Madeline, happening to look at Juliet, observed the scarf and thought it very becoming. She suddenly twitched it off Juliet's shoulders and threw it over her own, saying, "Now, Juliet, you have been beautified with this scarf long enough. It is my turn to wear it awhile." Poor Juliet knew not how to object, though her seat (the only one she had been able to obtain) was directly against a window, from which there was a draught of air on the back of her neck. The consequence was a renewal of her cold, and a sore-throat which confined her for several days to the house.

The above may serve as a specimen of Madeline's various exploits at the ball. After Juliet and her brother had got home, Edward stood for half an hour in the middle of the parlour-floor with his bed-candle in his hand, while he expostulated with his sister on her

strange infatuation for her new friend, declaring that, with all her volatility and apparent frankness and good-humour, he had never known a girl more artful, selfish, and heartless than Madeline Malcolm.

Instead of returning the flowers and the necklace on the following morning, as she ought to have done, Madeline wore them in the evening to another ball ; and finally when Mrs. Lansdowne sent for the flowers, they came home in a most deplorable state, soiled, crushed, and broken ; so that they were no longer fit to ornament the vases, and some of them were entirely lost.

Madeline did not come in to see Juliet till she knew that she had quite recovered from her sore-throat, having, as she afterward told her, a perfect antipathy to a sick-room and a mortal dislike to the dismals. She forgot to return the necklace till Juliet, with many blushes and much confusion, at last reminded her of it. "Why," said she, "you seem very uneasy about that necklace. Between friends like us, every thing ought to be common." Madeline, however, had never offered to lend Juliet the smallest article belonging to herself.

The next time Madeline came, she brought the necklace in her hand. "Here," said she,

"is this most important affair; I took a fancy to wear it round my *head* at Mrs. Linton's, and I can assure you I had a great deal of pulling and stretching to get it to clasp. Why did grandpapa give you such a short necklace? However, soon after I began to dance, snap went the thread, and down came all the pearls showering about the floor. How I laughed, but I set all the beaux in the cotillion to picking them up, and I suppose they found the most of them. You see I have brought you a handful. And now you can amuse yourself with stringing them again. Come now, don't look so like Ned.—How can you expect a wild creature as I am to be careful of flowers and beads and all such trumpery? I dare say, you are now thinking that your sober Cecilia Selden would have returned the pearls "in good order and well conditioned." But I never allow any one to get angry with me: you know I am a privileged person. So now look agreeable, and smile immediately. Smile, smile, I tell you." Juliet *did* smile, and Madeline throwing her arms round her neck, kissed her, exclaiming, as she patted her cheek, "There's my own good baby. She always, at last, does as I bid her."

The next day Juliet heard that the windows of Mr. Malcolm's house were all shut up; but she was not long in suspense as to the cause, for shortly after, Madeline came running in the back way, and said with a most afflicted countenance, "O, Juliet, you may pity me now if you never did before. We have just heard from New-Orleans of the death of Aunt Medford, my father's only sister."

Juliet. I am very sorry you have received such bad news.

Madeline. Oh! but the worst of it is, that it will prevent our going to the play to-night. We had engaged seats with the Rosemores, in a delightful box. We were going to see the Belle's Stratagem, with the masquerade, and the song, and the minuet, and the new French dancers. I would not have missed such an entertainment for a hundred dollars. How very provoking that the bad news did not arrive one day later. If it had not come till to-morrow I should not have cared, for then our charming evening at the theatre would have been over. And now, to think that instead of going to the play, I must stay at home and look at my father grieving for old Aunt Medford. There now, Juliet, your face is again in the style of Ned's. Positively, if you are

so particular, I shall cut your acquaintance. Those that I consider my friends must enter into all my "whims and oddities," and not expect me to act according to rule. I hate hypocrisy. Why should I pretend to 'grieve for Aunt Medford when I have never seen her since I was six years old?

Juliet. But sympathy for your father——

Madeline. Why, where is the use of sympathy? When people are in grief, sympathy only makes them worse.

Juliet. If you yourself were in affliction, Madeline, you would find the sympathy of your family and friends very gratifying.

Madeline. Wait till *I am* in affliction and then I will tell you. "*Toujours gai*," is my motto, and "*vive la bagatelle*" for ever.

So saying, she danced out of the room, and went home; but in a short time she returned, looking very mysterious, and peeping in at the door to ascertain if Juliet was alone. "*Juliet, love*," said Madeline in a low voice, "come with me into the back parlour, lest we should be interrupted. I have something of great consequence to tell you."

As Madeline often dealt in mysteries, Juliet thought this new secret nothing more than usual, and accompanied her into the back par-

lour, where Madeline cautiously bolted the folding-doors and locked the side door. "Now, Juliet," said she in an under voice, "I know I may depend on your secrecy." "Certainly you may," replied Juliet.

Madeline. Well then, I must confide to you a plan that has just struck me. I cannot bear the idea of giving up the play to-night, and you know it is out of the question for any of the family to be *seen* there.

Juliet. Of course none of you can go to the theatre when your house is shut up for the death of a near relation, and when Mr. Malcolm is in such deep affliction.

Madeline. It is certainly a great pity that Aunt Medford died; particularly just at the time she did, as it will spoil all our gaiety for the winter. No more plays and balls and parties this season. People ought always to die in the summer. But you know, dear Juliet, I have not seen my Aunt Medford for ten years, and I really have forgotten all about her. So, how can you expect me to be inconsolable. And I cannot endure the thought of being disappointed in going to the theatre. I might as well go, as stay at home and think about it all the evening.

Juliet. O no, indeed ! Even if you

have no personal regard for your aunt, respect for your father's feelings and a proper regard for decorum, ought to subdue your desire to go to a place of public amusement.

Madeline. That is exactly such a speech as Cecilia Selden would make on a similar occasion. It is a pity "the truly wise man" is not here. How Neddy would applaud.

Juliet. But where is the use of talking in this manner. You know you *cannot* go to the theatre.

Madeline. I know I *can*.

Juliet. How?—In what way? I do not understand you.

Madeline. My going to the theatre to-night depends principally on *you*.

Juliet. On me!

Madeline. Yes, for I will not venture alone, and you must go with me.

Juliet. Go with you—I go with you!

Madeline. Yes.

Juliet. And who else?

Madeline. Nobody else. Now don't look as if you were ready to run through the wall to get away from me; but listen and understand. Our nursery-maid, Kitty, has permission to go this evening and stay all night with a sick sister. So when she is off, I can easily slip in—
m*

to her room and select a suit of her clothes; (which I believe will nearly fit me,) and she has a tolerably large wardrobe for a servant. Then I will steal in the back way, bringing a suit for you. Don't look shocked.—I shall tell my father and mother that being very low-spirited, I am coming in here to spend a quiet evening with you. I heard Mrs. Lansdowne, when I was here yesterday, propose to your father to leave her at her sister Mrs. Wilmar's on his way to the Wistar Party to-night, and call for her as he comes back; which of course will not be before ten o'clock at the very earliest. Therefore the coast will be clear, as I suppose Ned will go to his beloved Athenæum. So you see every thing seems to conspire fortunately to forward our plot.

Juliet. Our plot. O! do not call it *ours*. I never will have any thing to do with a plot.

Madeline. Yes, but you *must* though. Why this is nothing. I have plotted a hundred things in the course of my life, and so I shall again. Well, now hear the whole. I will slip in the back-way, and you must be alone in your room ready to receive me. After we have put on our disguises, we will go down stairs very softly, and steal out at the alley gate. Then we will make the best of

our way to the theatre, and go in at the gallery door, passing, of course as two servant-girls. When we have reached the gallery we will mix with the crowd, and sit at our ease and enjoy the play; at least the masquerade-scene, which I would not miss for the world. I am absolutely dying to see the French dancers. Nobody can possibly discover us under our disguises. We will not go till the first act is over and the audience settled, and we will come away before the last scene of the comedy. Then after we get home we will resume our proper dresses, and present ourselves to our parents looking as demure as if we had been sitting by the fire and talking sensibly all the evening. No one will ever know what we have really been doing. It will be a most charming frolic, and something for you and I to laugh about ten years hence. I always enjoy these queer exploits that no one else has courage to undertake.

Juliet (firmly). Madeline, I will *not* disguise myself like a servant-girl; and I will *never* accompany you secretly to the theatre, nor any other place.

Juliet spoke in so firm a tone, that Madeline was at first abashed, and remained for a few moments silent; but, not easily repelled, she

soon recovered from her confusion, and exerted all her eloquence to prevail on her dear friend, as she called her, to join in the scheme. By turns, she flattered, caressed, and ridiculed her, and then tried to win her consent by representing the delights of the masquerade-scene, as she had heard it described by a lady who had recently seen the comedy of the Belle's Stratagem. Juliet held out steadily for a long time, but at length her firmness gave way, and she finally yielded, as Madeline had foreseen. Her reluctance was so great, that her consent was after all rather extorted than given, and Madeline, having kissed her rather oftener than usual, ran gaily to her own home, singing "I won't be a nun."

After Madeline had gone, Juliet felt so uneasy at having suffered herself to be persuaded against her conscience, that she was on the point of calling her back and retracting her promise. When she went to dinner, the consciousness of her intended deceit destroyed her appetite, and made her feel as if she could not raise her eyes towards her parents, or answer them when they spoke to her.

Edward bent on her a scrutinizing glance and saw that all was not right, but supposing that she had committed some fault in the

course of the morning for which her mother had seriously reprimanded her, he was unwilling to notice her apparent mortification, and tried to divert the attention of his parents by talking to them of Cooper's last novel, which had been published that morning, and of which he had already gone through the first volume.

Mrs. Lansdowne, however, remarking that her daughter did not eat, inquired if she felt unwell, and Julia replied that she had a violent head-ache : which was literally true. After dinner, her mother recommended that she should retire to her room and lie down, which she gladly did : her mind being too much agitated to take interest in any occupation. Once in the afternoon she heard Edward come up stairs and tap at her door, but fearing that he had observed her confusion at dinner, and that he might ask her some question concerning it, she lay still and did not answer to his knock ; so that supposing her to be asleep he softly withdrew.

Towards evening, her mother came to inquire after her, and Juliet, unwilling to meet the family at table in her present state of discomposure, requested to have her tea sent up to her. " My dear," said Mrs. Lansdowne, " as you are not well, I will not go to my sis-

ter Walmer's this evening, but I will stay at home and sit with you."

"O, no, dear mother!" replied Juliet, "I know you wish to see Aunt Walmer: I am sure my tea will relieve my head-ache, and I have no doubt, when I have drank it, I shall feel well enough to rise and sit up all the evening." Accordingly, after Juliet had taken her tea, she rose and adjusted her dress, and when Mrs. Lansdowne came up again, she found her daughter sitting by the fire with a book, and apparently so much recovered that she felt no scruples about leaving her, as she was really desirous of passing the evening with Mrs. Walmer, who was confined to the house with the influenza.

At last Juliet heard her father and mother depart, and Edward went out soon after. In a few minutes Madeline came cautiously up stairs and glided into the chamber, carrying a large bundle. "All's safe," said she, "the coast is *quite* clear, and we have not a moment to lose. It is a fine moonlight night."

Juliet's courage now failed entirely, and she vehemently besought Madeline to give up a scheme fraught with so much risk and impropriety. But Madeline was immoveable, declaring that she had set her heart on it, and

that she enjoyed nothing so much as what she called an out-of-the-way frolic. "Since you are so cowardly, Juliet," said she, "I wish I could venture to go alone ; but wild as I am, I confess I am not quite equal to that—Come now, off with your frock and get yourself drest in these delectable habiliments."

She then began to unfasten Juliet's dress, who pale, trembling, and with tears in her eyes, arrayed herself in the clothes that Madeline had brought for her. The gown was a very dirty one of dark blue domestic gingham, and she put on with it a yellowish chequered handkerchief and a check apron. Over this she pinned an old red Waterloo shawl, and she covered her head with a coarse and broken black Leghorn bonnet. The clothes that Madeline had allotted to herself were a little better, consisting of a dark calico frock, a coarse tamboured muslin collar, an old straw bonnet very yellow and faded, and a plaid-cloak which belonged to the cook, and which she had taken out of a closet in the garret.

The two young ladies did not know, or did not recollect, that when *real* servant-girls go to the theatre, they generally dress as well as they can, and take pains to appear to the best advantage. The clothes that Madeline had

selected were quite too dirty and shabby for the occasion. To complete their costume she gave Juliet a pair of coarse calf-skin shoes, which were so large that as she walked her feet seemed to rise up out of them. Madeline for her part put on a pair of carpet-moccasins over her slippers.

After they were drest and ready to depart for the theatre, Juliet's tremor increased, and she was again on the point of relinquishing her share in the business, but she again yielded to the solicitations of Madeline, who led her softly down stairs by the light of the moon that shone in at the staircase windows. They stole undiscovered across the yard and out at the alley-gate, and finding themselves in the street began to walk very fast, as people generally do when they are going to the play.

When they came in view of the theatre, they saw no persons there, except two or three gentlemen who went in at the pit-door. Juliet's heart failed entirely, and she shrunk back as Madeline taking her hand, attempted to pull her towards the door that admitted the gallery-people. "We have now gone too far to recede," whispered Madeline,—*"You must stand by me now. I will not go back, and you must come forward. Here, take my*

money and put it down with yours—I forgot my gloves, and my hands will betray me, so I must keep them wrapped up in my cloak.”

Juliet laid the money on the ledge before the door-keeper, who looked at them with some surprise. They pulled their bonnets more closely over their faces and passed up the stairs, Madeline running as fast as possible, and Juliet entreating her in a low voice to stop a little, as she could not keep pace with her. They soon found themselves in the gallery, and being assisted over the benches by a very polite black man, they took their seats among some coloured people about the centre of the middle row.

The crowd and heat were intolerable. Juliet kept her eyes cast down, afraid to look round the house or even to steal a glance towards the stage. Madeline, however, looked round boldly, and in a few minutes to her great consternation she perceived Edward Lansdowne standing up in the back part of one of the stage-boxes. Having finished his novel, and feeling no inclination to read any more that night, he had concluded to go to the theatre, reminded of it by seeing the bill in the evening paper. “Juliet,” whispered Madeline, “there is my evil genius.” “Where,

where?" exclaimed Juliet, thrown almost off her guard. "If we can distinguish *him* at so great a distance, he can also discover *us*."—"You forget," replied Madeline, "that we are in disguise." These words, though uttered in a whisper, were evidently heard by the people round, who all turned to look at them; and some tried to peep under their bonnets, which made Juliet draw hers down over her face till her sight was entirely obscured by it.

The play went on, but Madeline and Juliet could not enjoy it, all their attention being engaged by the continual fear of discovery. Juliet, however, heard enough to convince her that her parents would never have taken her to see the Belle's Stratagem, as when they did indulge her with a visit to the theatre, they always selected a night when the play was unexceptionable, and the whole entertainment such as a young lady could witness with propriety.

At length came the masquerade-scene, and in a short time the French dancers appeared. Just then, a short, fat, red-faced and very vulgar Englishwoman who sat behind Madeline and Juliet, gave each of them a twitch on the shoulder, saying, in a broad Yorkshire dialect, "I'll thank you gals or ladies or whatsomdever

you be, to take off your bunnets and let a body have some chance of seeing the show ; for I've been popping my ead back and fur-rads atween you ever sence you comed hin, and thof I've as good a right to see as any body else I've ardlly got a squint at the hactore yet."

The girls were now in a most critical dilemma. To take off their bonnets seemed out of the question, as the exposure of their heads would no doubt betray them, and their fear and perplexity were so great that they had not presence of mind either to speak or move.

"Don't pertend that you don't ear me," said the Englishwoman, giving them both a hard push forward with her huge hands. "I becs a true King Georgeswoman, and won't be put upon by none of the Yankees, not I, thof I ~~am~~ come to their country. I pays my money as well as you, and I've jist as good a right to see the show; and if you won't take off them big bunnets, I'll be bound I'll make you, if there's even a row about it. I've raised a row afore this time when I've been put upon."

"Oh! let us go, let us go," said Juliet, gasping with terror, and seizing Madeline's arm.

"Honly wait," continued the Englishwoman, "till I tells my usband, who sets ahind here, to call 'turn 'em out.'" You *may* be ladies. But I bees an onest oman, and if I've come to a land of liberty, the more reason that I should make free to speak my mind; and if we're all hequal, why then nobody han't no right to put upon me."

By this time the two girls, in an agony of trepidation, had scrambled over the the benches and got to the door, expecting every instant to hear the dreaded words, "turn them out," and to see Edward's eyes directed towards them, with those of the whole audience. Scarcely conscious of what they were doing, they ran down the gallery-stairs and flew out of the door into the street. As is usual toward the latter part of the play, a number of boys had collected about the fruit-stalls waiting for checks, that they might gain admittance to see the farce, and as Madeline ran past them, her cloak flew open, and the moon-beams shone brightly on a brilliant ring which she always wore on her fore-finger. This with something in their appearance that would cause even unpractised eyes to suspect that they were young ladies, attracted the attention

of the boys, who stared at them with surprise and curiosity.

Madeline and Juliet ran down the street in breathless terror. They had got about a square from the theatre before they recollected that their way home lay in a contrary direction, and that they ought to go *up* the street instead of *down*. "Oh! we are going *from* home instead of *towards* it," exclaimed Juliet; and they immediately turned about and ran up Chestnut street. They again passed the theatre, terrified, bewildered, their bonnets falling back and discovering their frightened faces in full view; Madeline's cloak half untied and flying out behind her, and Juliet still grasping one corner of her shawl (which had fallen entirely off her shoulders) and dragging it after her along the pavement. On seeing them running back in this forlorn condition, the boys set up a loud shout, and calling out, "Hurrah for the ladies," pursued them up Chestnut street.

A young gentleman who had left the theatre a few minutes before, and was walking leisurely up the street, turned round to discover the meaning of all the noise that was coming after him, and caught Juliet, breathless and almost dead, by her two hands. "Juliet,"

he exclaimed, "my sister Juliet!" "Oh, Edward!" she shrieked, and fell into his arms drowned in tears.

"Save me, save me," cried Madeline, catching him by the coat. "Madeline too!" said Edward. "What does all this mean?"

Another gentleman now came up, and ordered off the boys, reprimanding them severely for chasing two unprotected females; and Edward, taking one of the girls under each arm, walked on in silence, much affected by the sobbing of Juliet.

Madeline soon recovered herself, and attempted an explanation of the strange predicament in which he had found them, passing it off as a very good joke, and a further proof of her ungovernable volatility.

Edward remained silent. He would not reproach her, but he determined in his mind what course to pursue. He took leave of Madeline at her own door, and on entering his father's house, he told Juliet that she had better, as soon as possible, divest herself of her disguise. Juliet could not speak, but she wept on her brother's shoulder, and Edward kissed her cheek and bade her good-night.

She retired to bed, but she could not sleep, and in the morning she rose earlier than usu-

al, and went into the parlour, where she knew she should find Edward. She looked very pale and her eyes were swimming in tears. "Oh! Edward," said she, "what did my father and mother say, when they came home last night, and you told them all that happened?"

"I told them nothing," replied Edward, "I love you too well to betray you. I have kept your secret; and I shall never disclose it. But I must have a recompense."

Juliet. Any, any recompense, dearest Edward. What can you ask that I could possibly refuse you?

Edward. I require you, from this day, to give up all acquaintance with Madeline Malcolm. Your infatuation for a girl who, under the name of wildness and volatility, sets all propriety at defiance, is to me astonishing. Henceforward let there be no more intimacy between you. It must be checked before it leads to consequences still worse than the adventures of last night.

Juliet. I acknowledge that Madeline is too regardless of decorum, and that she says and does many strange and improper things: but then she has so good a heart.

Edward. Tell me one proof of it. You

have fallen into the common error of supposing that all persons who profess to be giddy, wild and reckless, have kind feelings and good hearts. On the contrary, they may too often be classed with the most selfish, cold, and heartless people in the world, for they have seldom either sense or sensibility, and while resolutely bent on the gratification of their own whims are generally regardless of the peace and convenience of those about them. When I first went to college I thought as you do. I supposed that the most careless, noisy, and desperate boys must necessarily have kind and generous feelings. But I found the contrary to my cost; and I am now convinced, that, with some few exceptions, the best hearts are generally united with the best heads and the best manners.

Juliet. But even if I never visit Madeline myself, how shall I prevent her running in to me as she does, two or three times a day?

Edward. Very easily. Write her a concise note, intimating that you do not consider it expedient to continue your acquaintance with her.

Juliet. Oh! Edward, I never can do that.

Edward. Is not this the recompense I am entitled to, for keeping your secret ?

Juliet. Indeed, Edward, you are too cruel.

Edward. Severe, perhaps, but not cruel. The exigency of the case requires decisive measures. "I am cruel only to be kind," and you will thank me for it hereafter.

Juliet. Well then, I *will* write the note. And if it *must be done* I will do it immediately ; for if I allow myself to think about it long, it will grieve me so much that I shall never have resolution to go through with it. (*She goes to the desk and writes.*) There now, Edward, read this note.

Edward, (reading.) "Though convinced that it is better our intimacy should cease, it is not without regret that I decline all further intercourse with Madeline Malcolm. For her health and happiness I offer my best wishes, but in future we can only meet as strangers."

JULIET LANSDOWNE."

Now seal and send it.

Juliet. Oh, Edward ! it is hard to give up Madeline. But I believe you are right, and I ought not to regret it.

Edward. I *know* I am right.

Juliet then rang the bell for a servant, to whom with a quivering lip and hesitating

hand she gave the note, desiring him to leave it next door for Miss Malcolm.

After breakfast when Juliet was again alone with her brother, she said to him, "Edward, I have never yet concealed any thing from my parents. I think if I was to disclose to them the whole truth, I should feel less miserably."

Edward approved of this determination, and they went together to their mother, to whom Juliet candidly related the whole history of their going to the theatre in disguise. She kindly endeavoured to throw as little blame on Madeline as possible; and Edward tried to apologize for Juliet's partiality for this dangerous girl, and for the yielding gentleness of disposition with which his sister had allowed herself to be influenced by her; and for her want of judgment in not perceiving the faults of Madeline in as strong a light as they appeared to every one else.

Mrs. Lansdowne's pleasure, on finding that her daughter had consented to give up this very improper intimacy, counterbalanced her regret at Juliet's having been persuaded by Madeline to join in the folly and indecorum of the preceding evening. For this, however, she thought the girls had been sufficient-

ly punished by all they had suffered at the theatre, and during their ignominious flight from it.

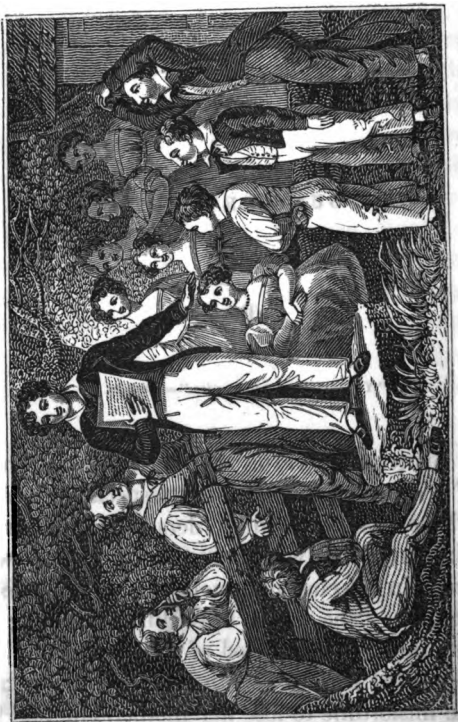
Madeline's parents had no suspicion of her having been at the play in disguise, and the idea of confessing it to them never for a moment entered her head. She was highly indignant at Juliet's note, and fortunately her resentment was too great to allow her to make any attempt at renewing their intimacy. She took care, however, to let no one suppose that the acquaintance had ceased by Juliet's desire, telling every-body that Juliet Lansdowne was a little fool and that she had grown quite tired of her.

In the spring, Mr. Malcolm removed with his family to New-York, and their house next door to Mr. Lansdowne's was immediately taken by the father of Cecilia Selden who had again become the intimate friend of Juliet.

RUSSEL AND SIDNEY;
OR,
THE YOUNG REVOLUTIONISTS.
A TALE OF 1777.

In Three Parts.

RUSSEL READING THE DECLARATION.



"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for the boys of a school to break through the bands that have connected them with the teacher," &c.

RUSSEL AND SIDNEY ;

OR,

THE YOUNG REVOLUTIONISTS.

Part X.

"You cannot conquer America."—*Cæthrum.*

SIDNEY CAMPION was the eldest daughter of a substantial and highly respectable farmer whose land lay on the borders of Delaware and Maryland, and who, being a magistrate, was according to custom honoured with the title of Squire. She was a beautiful and intelligent girl, and at the period of our story had just completed her eighteenth year. Having had the misfortune to lose her mother, she had for the last two years, presided over the house-keeping and directed the domestic affairs of the family, with a steadiness, skill, and excellence of management, that would have done

honour to a female of twice her age. And it was with the conviction of her perfect capability of superintending the household in his absence, that her father, who was deeply imbued with the patriotic spirit of the times, had raised a company of volunteers in the neighbourhood, and had gone off at their head to join the northern continental army. He left at home with Sidney and her little sister, his son Russel, a lively impetuous boy of sixteen, and Tommy Tring, an old lame tailor who worked for all the neighbouring families, but was generally an inmate of Mr. Campion's establishment, which was known by the name of Sycamore Hill.

Innumerable were the instances during the war of the American Revolution of farmers, tradesmen, and mechanics abandoning the care of their business and property, to engage personally in the glorious struggle: fearing no loss but the loss of liberty, anticipating no gain but eventual independence: and saying in the words of the noble manifesto issued by the colonies on first resorting to arms, "We have counted the cost, and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery."

The spirit of these disinterested and patriotic fathers had infused itself deeply into the

minds and feelings of their sons ; and many were the juvenile hearts that panted for the time, when they too might be allowed to assist in repelling the enemy that was arrayed against the rights of their native land. And even the retiring timidity that characterises the female youth of America, was at this time tinctured with an enthusiasm corresponding to that of their fathers and brothers.

Premising that our story is of rural life and rural manners, the dispositions of Russel and Sidney Campion will perhaps be best illustrated by the following sketch of a dialogue, which took place one morning while Sidney was washing the breakfast-cups, and Russel sitting at the window, deeply engaged in some writing that seemed to absorb his whole attention.

Sidney. Russel, it is quite time you were at school. Your dinner-basket has been ready this half hour. Will you never have done that writing which has been engaging you since day-light, so that you have scarcely taken time to eat your breakfast ?

Russel. There, I have finished it. But I am not going to school to-day. So I'll set about cleaning the duck-gun.

Sidney. You are not going to school ! Oh ! Russel, you take advantage of fath-

er's absence. You would not say so if he were at home.

Russel. Yes I would; and he would consider me right in saying so.

Sidney. Impossible!

Russel. I know my father too well to suppose that he would compel me to go to school after the master has come out a tory, as Peter Puckeridge has. We suspected him last winter, when he had a singing-school of evenings. Don't you remember the lines of his own making, that he one night gave out for us to sing:

When kings are seated on their thrones
The people down should fall,
And humbly kiss the royal hands
The fingers, thumbs and all.

You know we all refused to sing the vile stuff, and we frightened him so that he offered all sorts of excuses, and talked of the difficulty of making verses, and that poets were often obliged to bring in any thing at all for the sake of the rhyme. And then I determined never to be a poet.

Sidney. I remember that night very well.

Russel. As he pretended to be penitent, we passed over this offence, but we have kept an eye on him ever since, and now he has come out an open tory. The truth is, none but a tory would stay here and idle about at school-keeping at such a time as this, when every man and boy throughout America should have a gun on his shoulder, or a sword in his hand.

Sidney. Well, the six last schoolmasters *did* go and join the army, one after another.

Russel. Peter Puckeridge has no need of keeping school. Let him help his father to take care of the farm.

Sidney. Still, it is better to have even Peter Puckeridge than to be obliged, for want of other schoolmasters, to take up with Scotch and Irish convicts ; men who were transported from the old country for stealing.* I have heard my father say that when he was a boy it was difficult in this part of the province to procure any others, as our own people all thought they could do something better than keep school. And what was strange, these convict-schoolmasters were never known while with us, to be guilty of a single act of dishon-

* Fact.

esty; whatever they might have done in Europe.

Russel. Why should they, when they found no difficulty here in getting clothes to wear and victuals to eat? And now I think on it, the English had a great deal of impudence to send over ship-loads of their own thieves, and empty them out upon us. That should have been mentioned among the causes for going to war with them. However, as to Peter, I can tell him his reign is drawing near to a close. And there is his mother Polly Puckeridge, why does she come here peeping and prying about almost every day since my father has been gone; pretending, as she does, to give you advice about your house-keeping.

Sidney. Well, that is very kind of her. She knows that I am young and inexperienced.

Russel. You are young, but not inexperienced: for you were well brought up, and taught every thing betimes. I desire no better management than yours. The house is clean, and we have plenty of pies and puddings. But the other day when you took Polly into the orchard to get yellow peaches, and I was up one of the trees, I heard how she was talking to you; and it was I that made

a great ripe juicy peach fall plump on her head, and mash itself on her clean cap.

Sidney. I thought so.

Russel. Then why did she say it was wrong for my father to raise a company of volunteers for the northern army, and that he had better have stayed at home to take care of his family, and to mind his business. I should like to know how we are to beat off the British, if every American is to stay at home and mind his business. Is Washington at home taking care of his family?

Sidney. Still, Russel, you know it was a sorrowful day when my father went off at the head of his company. You know how we all cried, even yourself.

Russel. I cried partly for my father, and partly because he would not let me go along. But was not it a glorious sight? Such a troop of fine well-looking men, with hunting shirts of brown homespun trimmed with red fringe. I gathered all the walnuts to make the brown dye for the cloth.

Sidney. And I made all the fringe.

Russel. How well they looked in their leather caps, with the buck-tails in them!

Sidney. Well, I have been at quiltings and at cardings, but I never had half so much

pleasure as at the sewing-frolic, when all the women and girls in the neighbourhood met at our house to make the uniform for my father's company.

Russel. You are a brave girl. And yet you sat half the time with tears in your eyes.

Sidney. That was when the thoughts of my father's danger came across my mind, and the fear that he might be killed in battle. But still it seemed noble work to be making uniforms for our friends and neighbours who were going out to fight for their country. I felt my heart beating fast and my cheeks glowing the whole time.

Russel. If a girl's heart can beat and her cheeks glow on such an occasion, how do you think a boy must feel? But *I* gave the last polish to my father's pistols and to the hilt of his sword. And after all the pains I took with them, I *did* hope that he would at last have let me go along with him. But I never knew my father so hard to persuade. He was as immoveable as a rock.

Sidney. Dear Russel, what could a boy like you have done in battle?

Russel. Sidney, I wish you would never again reproach me with being a boy. Cannot I load and fire as well as any man? Do

I ever miss when I want to bring down a squirrel or a raccoon, and did not I once shoot a panther that I found among the fallen oaks after the great hurricane? Have I ever missed a canvass-back duck on the river? And is not a British soldier a much bigger and easier mark?

Sidney. But suppose the British soldier should shoot *you*?

Russel. Then I should die gloriously in the service of my country. All I wanted was that my father should allow me to run with his company and take my chance.

Sidney. Oh, Russel, it makes me tremble to hear you talk so!

Russel. Why did my father call me Russel, (after the great English lord whom we read of in the History of England, that my grandfather brought over with him) if I am to disgrace my name, and not be allowed to oppose a king now that I have an opportunity. And there, you are called Sidney—Sidney is a great name; good for either boy or girl. You ought not to fear death either for yourself or for any one else. Do you not remember the famous Algernon Sidney? and that when he was brought to the block, and

the executioner asked him if he wished to raise his head again before the blow was struck, he answered, "Not till the resurrection."

Sidney. Yes, I remember well that noble and awful answer.

Russel. Real, true courage! Can you ever expect to equal that?

Sidney. Being only a girl, it is not likely that I shall ever have my head cut off on the scaffold.

Russel. You know not what the British may do, if we allow them to conquer us.

Sidney. Do not represent them as worse than they really are.

Russel. To be sure that is unnecessary. But do not we read in the English history of their condemning women to lose their heads?

Sidney. Oh! those were queens and princesses, and ladies of rank, and not daughters of obscure American farmers.

Russel. My father is not so obscure neither; and the time is coming when these obscure American farmers will make king George shake upon his throne. And when the war is over, how can I presume to show my face if I have not taken a part in it?

Sidney. I am afraid the war will *not* be over before you are old enough to have your wishes fulfilled. You know my father has promised that you should join the continental army in some way or other at the end of two years, if we do not have peace before that time.

Russel. And what am I to do with myself, all those two years? You know I am tall, and stout, and strong for my age. I dare say I have done growing. I know two boys who never grew an inch after they were sixteen. And I can throw Bill Garnett any minute when we are wrestling together, though he is eighteen, and near six feet high. Strength does not depend on height, and I am sure courage does not. But here comes Polly Puckeridge riding up the lane. I suppose she will stop here as usual on her way from the store. I will be off. I can't stay here and hear her talk toryism.

Sidney. Won't you go and help her off her horse?

Russel. There is a very good horse-block by the front gate, and I'll give no help in any way to the enemies of my country. If they fall, so much the better. Black Cæsar may

go and take her down, and attend to her horse.

Sidney. But really, are you not going to school to-day?

Russel. No, I'm on a committee.

Sidney. A committee, for what?

Russel. You'll know soon enough. But here is Polly Puckeridge.

Russel having finished cleaning the duck-gun, deposited it in the corner, and went off immediately to a certain log-bridge, thrown over a brook that crossed a piece of woods between his father's dwelling and the school-house. At this bridge he had appointed a rendezvous with two other boys, and he found them waiting for him, seated on the log and eating wild grapes, which they plucked from a vine that hung over the water.

These boys and Russel constituted a committee, that had been appointed by their comrades to draw up a protest against Peter Puckeridge, by means of which the whole school was to be emancipated from his dominion. Of this plan they did not doubt the success, having, as they supposed, completely convicted Peter of toryism, and consequently believing themselves secure of the sanction, or at least the connivance of their parents.

In truth, however, the fathers were most of them away with the army, and the cares and anxieties that consequently devolved on the mothers, caused a slackening in the reins of parental authority, of which the boys were not slow in taking advantage. To be brief, it was with regard to the younger part of the community a season of mis-rule, or rather of no rule at all.

Upon this occasion each member of the committee had drawn up a catalogue of grievances, accompanied with resolutions to be ag-grieved no longer. These mimic declarations of independence were all compared as they sat on the log, and the two other boys acknowledged the superiority of Russel Camp-ion's composition, with as good a grace as on a far more momentous occasion Franklin and Adams had yielded the palm to Jefferson, the author of the most important state paper that history has recorded.

This done, they proceeded to the school-house. It was now noon, and the master had gone home to his dinner. The boys in anxious expectation of the committee, were sitting about the shady green in front of the school house, some on stumps of trees, some

on blocks of stone, and some on the fence; and nearly all were without their coats. The girls were mostly at play, or putting up in their little baskets the remains of their dinner, for what they called "the afternoon piece." At sight of Russel and his coadjutors, their school-mates all jumped up or jumped down from their respective stations, and gathered round them exclaiming, "Here's the committee—the committee has come!" But Russel, with a dignified wave of the hand, and a voice of equal dignity, remanded them to their stations, and desired silence while he read to them *their* Declaration of Independence. Then throwing aside his hat, and springing upon the broad stump of a felled oak, he began as follows.

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for the boys of a school to break through the bands that have connected them with the teacher (falsely, meanly, and improperly called their *master*) a decent respect for the opinions of the girls requires them to declare the causes that compel them to a separation.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that we are in every point of view equal to

the man denominated Peter Puckeridge. We can run as fast, we can ride as well: we can shoot much better; and we are no way below him in fishing and trapping. And if any of us are his inferiors in reading, writing and cyphering, (and even this is doubtful) it is only the natural consequence of our youth and inexperience. In all *essential* qualifications we acknowledge no inferiority whatever.

“But our causes of complaint are of more serious moment: and after enduring a long train of abuses and vexations, it is our choice, it is our wish, to throw off his government, and declare ourselves independent.

“To prove this, let the following facts be submitted to our candid fellow-sufferers.

“He has refused to allow the eating of apples in school, even of the sorts least noisy, and best calculated to be managed without paring.

“He has refused to permit the windows to be raised in the dog-days; and he has limited our water-drinking to four tin-cups-full a day, the said tin-cup holding but half a pint.

“He has refused to mend our pens even when the points were split apart like the prongs of a fork; and he has kept us in pot-

books when we ought to have been in joining-hand.

“He has interdicted us from reading almanacks and other story-books, (even when our lessons were over) preferring that we should sit idle on the benches: and when reduced to this state of idleness, he has barbarously forbidden us the amusement of kicking our heels, or drumming with our fingers. He has particularly waged war against Robinson Crusoe: as if it were not better to employ ourselves with that most useful and entertaining of all books than to sit listless and yawning till school-hours were over.

“He obliges us to learn by heart lessons of unusual length and on useless subjects (grammar for instance,) with the wicked and inhuman purpose of making us waste our play-hours in hard study: at the manifest risk of rendering our faces pale, our legs thin, and destroying all our natural smartness.

“He has kept us standing long after we should have been seated, listening to tedious explanations of comets, and northern-lights, and milky ways, and other incomprehensible things, which nobody in this world can possibly understand, and least of all Peter Puckeridge.

“He has called us in at times unusually early and uncomfortable, obliging us to quit our unfinished plays ; and when we naturally refrained from obeying the summons, he has taken from us our kites, our marbles, our balls and our tops, and has deposited them in the gloomy recesses of his own desk : thereby subjecting us to the necessity of picking the lock or cutting holes in the bottom, as the only means of repossessing ourselves of our lawful property.

“He is in the frequent practice of inflicting corporal chastisement when we find it necessary to stand opposed to him : with one exception, the writer of this declaration, on whom, as is well-known, he has never yet ventured to lay the finger of violence.

“He has plundered our hats : he has ravaged our pockets : he has burnt our playthings : he has ruined our collars by shaking them with his inky hands ; excepting always the writer of this declaration.

“But our most important and unanswerable reason for rejecting his tyranny is, that we know him to be possessed of high tory principles. We know him to take a childish interest, unbecoming to an American, in the comings and goings, the eatings and sleep-

ings of the men called kings, and the women denominated queens, while he is at no pains whatever to inform himself of the proceedings of Congress. Also he has been heard to insist, most falsely and absurdly, that the red-coats of the British regulars have a more military look than the blue coats of our own continental soldiers, and he has presumed to laugh at the militia who have no coats at all. Also, he has dared most treasonably to sneer at the calico gown worn by the brave Colonel Prescott at the battle of Bunker Hill.

"Nor have we been wanting in indications of our dissatisfaction. We have tilted his desk by sawing off three inches from one of the legs; we have slipped his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped up ink with it; we have cut sticks with his best pen-knife, and put chinkapin burrs into his hat; and we are taken with unanimous coughs whenever he begins to talk to us. But as no warning has had any effect on him, and as he has not had the grace to retire from office as soon as he knew himself to be unpopular, we therefore absolve ourselves from all allegiance to him and his authority. We throw him off as we would an old coat, and we declare ourselves free and independent of Peter Pucke-

ridge, and that we will never more allow ourselves to be subjected by the frown of his brow, the sharpness of his voice, or the slap of his ferule. And for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge to each other the heads that can plan, the hearts that can dare, and the hands that can execute."

This parody, as Russel read it half in earnest and half in jest, was loudly applauded by the other boys and even the girls joined their shrill voices to the huzzas that responded to the concluding sentence, which, as it had a tinge of something that sounded like sentiment, they with one accord pronounced "beautiful."

"And now," said Russel, "I will lay the declaration on Peter Puckeridge's desk: 'he will soon come back from his dinner, and we will wait the consequence. I move, however, that the girls should withdraw into the woods, as on such occasions females are best out of the way.'"

The girls, whose curiosity predominated over their fears, showed some reluctance to

quit the field, and retired no farther than the edge of the woods, where they lingered, looking out from behind the trees.

Peter Puckeridge came : and as he passed, he ordered his pupils into school, which order they received with a half-suppressed laugh, to which latterly Peter had become quite accustomed. He entered the house, thinking that they would probably follow him. Not one did so : the girls made an attempt to emerge from the woods, but the boys ran and held them back.

Peter took up the declaration, and began to read it, showing unequivocal signs of anger as he proceeded ; biting his lip, clenching his fist and stamping his foot. The boys assembled round the door and looked in at him. Before Peter had gotten half-way to the end, he tore the document to pieces, and trampled it on the floor. Upon which, Russel immediately produced from his pocket another copy, which he had provided in anticipation of this contingency.

What might have been the result is problematical. But at that moment, two men came galloping along the road and calling out "News, news !" "What news ?" exclaimed, at once, the schoolmaster and boys.

"The British have landed at Turkey Point more than ten thousand strong," replied one of the men. "And Cornwallis has threatened to carry fire and sword through the country," added the other. "Run home, boys, and tell your people."

Both boys and girls all took the men at their word, and scampered homewards; leaving the school-master in quiet possession of the field. And he proceeded to shut up the school-house, perceiving that now indeed "his occupation was gone."

Mrs. Puckeridge, who had dined with Sidney, was seated at her knitting, and her young hostess was quietly engaged with some sewing, when Russel came running in, followed by his little sister Patty, and exclaiming, "Sidney, Sidney, the British have landed at Turkey Point. Two men have just now galloped past with the news. Where's the duck-gun? You can't, now, expect me to stay another moment. 'Tis lucky I've cast so many bullets lately, though you *were* an-

gry at my cutting off the old clock-weights to get the lead. Run, Patty, and bring my powder-horn."

Patty. Oh, Russel, Russel——

Sidney. Surely, Russel, you will not go off and leave the family unprotected?

Russel. Why how can a boy like me protect a whole family? at least in no other way than in going to meet the British and trying to keep them off.

Mrs. Puckeridge. Can't you stay and use fair words to them when they come to the house. Can't you smooth off every thing, and tell them that your father is only gone on a journey to look after some back-lands.

Russel. I smooth off every thing to the British, and tell them lies about my father, when I *know* he is gone on no other errand than to help drive them back to their own country. No, no, you'll never catch me doing that.

Mrs. Puckeridge. Upon my word, Sidney, I think you had better let this headstrong boy take his course and go. He will do more harm than good if he stays at home.

Russel. Dear Polly Puckeridge, that is the most sensible thing I ever heard you say. Yes, I shall certainly do more harm than

good if I stay at home. It will not be at all safe to keep me here.

Mrs. Puckeridge. Here comes Tommy Tring. He thinks himself three inches taller since he learnt your volunteers how to do their exercise. To think that men of standing and substance should come to such a pass as to be drilled by little Tommy Tring with his proverbs and all his other foolishness. And to see them, before they got a drum and fife, marching about to the whistling of Black Cæsar.

Russel, (filling his powder-horn.) Well, Tommy Tring, simpleton as he is, was a soldier and fought in Canada under General Wolfe. The volunteers showed their sense: for it was better to be taught even by Tommy Tring than not to learn at all.

Tommy Tring, (as he enters the room.) What's the difficulty? Here seems to be a considerable of a nonplush among you.

Mrs. Puckeridge. Difficulty enough.—Han't the British landed.

Sidney. Oh, Tommy! I am glad you have come to advise us what to do.

Tommy. First I'll take a chair, for it's as cheap setting as standing. But has nobody

else been advising? for too many cooks spoil the broth.

Sidney. No, tell us yourself what we had best do.

Tommy. Now my advice is, to pack up your alls, and flit without loss of time. Do it at once, right off the reel, for a stitch in time saves nine; and I know very well what British sogers are, having been along with them myself when I was helping General Wolfe in Canady.

Sidney. To what place shall we go?

Tommy. Why, to your uncle Josiah Parkins, where you are always expected to pay a visit every fall. So the sooner you start, the better, for it's not in natur that you stay here. Use legs and have legs.

Russel. Tommy, won't you attend to the moving of the family and see them safe to Uncle Josiah's?

Tommy. I'll do what I can to the best of my 'bility, and you can have no more of a cat than its skin.

Patty. Sidney, Sidney, catch Russel and stop him. He's going to run off and join the army this minute.

Tommy. Now, Russel, stay till you know where the British are to be found, and listen

to me while I direct you. Good counsel breaks no man's head, and an ounce of wisdom's worth a pound of wit. It's pretty true that we should all up and be doing. The first thing is to station the scouts. Russel, you'll do very well for a scout. It's a good enough business for boys. We can't expect old heads on young shoulders.

Russel. Is a scout any thing dishonourable? I don't like the name.

Tommy. Nonsense. You'll be none the worse. You and the other boys saddle your creturs, for you'd better not ride bare-back. The more haste the worse speed. Geer up, I say, and post yourselves about the hills in view of the water, and watch the movements of the British, and see which way they're like to come, and then gallop back and give notice.

Russel. Oh, you mean that we are to be videttes. The look-out men are called videttes.

Tommy. I always call them scouts. There's never no use in talking Latin. I don't mind a French word now and then, for I picked up several in Canady, in the old war when I was helping General Wolfe. I never

saw a better fitting coat than the one he was killed in.

Russel. I like this service very well till something better offers. So I'll be a vidette. And now, Tommy, put the girls in a way of setting off, and take good care of them.

He kissed his sisters, and then ran out of the house, leaving Sidney and Patty in tears. But in a moment, Patty recollected (what he himself had forgotten) that Russel had had no dinner, and followed him to the gate with a clean handkerchief filled with eatables, which she prevailed on him to put in his pocket. And Sidney insisted on his coming back to the house and supplying himself with some money. He then gave each of the girls another kiss, and mounting his horse which he had been saddling at the gate, he cantered off in high spirits. When Sidney returned to the house, she found Tommy soliloquizing. "Ah!" said he, "is it come to this! Tommy Tring fit for nothing but to take care of women and children, after having climbed up the Heights of Abraham. I remember as well as yesterday the coat I had on at the battle of Quebec. It was a little too short in the sleeves, and the back did not fit quite smooth, the arm-holes being rather puckery

round the sleeve-tops ; for as they happened to be cut too big, they had to be held full in sewing them in."

Mrs. Puckeridge. I've been pondering all this time, and I've made up my mind that I won't fly the country. Husband always does as I bid him ; and if I say no, he is not the man to say yes. So as for packing up and moving off, it's a trouble I shan't put myself to, no how. If my new crimson lutestring gown is folded up and crammed into a trunk, it will never look well again, but have all sorts of creases and wrinkles ; so I'm not going to risk it for any fears about the British.

Tommy. I suppose you think there's great cry and little wool. But you are mistaken. The danger's rale ; and an ounce of pervention's worth a pound of cure.

Mrs. Puckeridge. Rale or not, I shall stick to my own house. And if the British come, I'll just up and tell them that I'm all on their side, and always shall be, and so is husband and Peter. And I'll give them smiles and curchies, and the best that I have to eat and to drink, and they'll not be the men to hurt a hair of my head. And if I see occasion, I'll tell them I don't care for

Washington nor his young Frenchman neither.

Tommy, (putting his hand on her mouth.) Stop that. It's treason you're talking, and how can you hope to prosper. Treason 'gainst Washington and the Marquis La Fayette.

Mrs. Puckeridge. Sidney, good bye to you. I'll not stay here to be insulted by Tommy Tring. I suppose Cæsar can get my horse for me.

Sidney now attempted to pacify her, and induced Tommy to make a sort of apology, which he did, by saying, "Well, well, Polly Puckeridge, forget and forgive. Many men many minds. We're for Congress, and you're for King George. What's one man's meat's another man's poison."

When Tommy had helped Mrs. Puckeridge to her horse, and Sidney had seen her off, he said, after a few minutes consideration, "Sidney, it's an ill wind that blows nobody no good. As the Puckeridges intend to be tories out and out, and as we have coaxed Polly into some sort of good humour, we had better make hay while the sun shines."

"In what way?" asked Sidney.

"Why," replied Tommy, "if we offer her something worth while, (for you know Polly is just like people of the old country, and never does nothing for nothing) I don't doubt but we can get her to take charge of all our niggers, and if her friends the British *should* come, the ships would be safer with her than with us. Besides, we can't 'cumber ourselves with them when we flit; and if we did, there mayn't be no convenient way for them at Uncle Josiah's, though he is a kind, open-hearted man. We shouldn't ride a free horse till we break him down."

"An excellent plan," said Sidney, "at least I can think of nothing better."

"If Russel were here," said little Patty, "he would not approve of sending whig negroes to a tory house."

"Pho," answered Tommy, "Necessity has no law, and there's no knowing what a man may come to. Dainty dogs may eat dirty puddings. Sidney, I think I might as well ride over at once and break the matter to Polly Puckeridge."

"No," replied Sidney, "I'll take that office upon myself. I am sorry it was not thought of while she was here."

Sidney was successful in her mission ; Mrs. Puckeridge consenting, for a suitable consideration, to receive the negroes. By the time Sidney got home, the day was too far advanced for the family to complete their preparations and depart that night, though Tommy Tring had by no means been idle. Next morning, came a boy (one of Russel's fellow-videttes) with an account that the enemy had got as far as Iron Hill, and that Russel sent his love to his sisters, and could not tell when he should see them again ; but that when the British were beaten, he would join them at his uncle Parkins's.

This announcement was the cause of great alarm and affliction to Sidney, and little Patty cried bitterly. But Tommy Tring urging the necessity of immediate exertion, Sidney was obliged to devote her attention to the preparations for their departure ; and as the day advanced, the reports of the near approach of the British army were more and more frequent. All the furniture that could be removed was taken into the upper story, and locked up in one of the garrets, and after she had sent off all the negroes to Polly Puckeridge's, Tommy took up some of the boards from the barn-floor, and dug a hole, to which

Sidney and Patty carried the silver and some other valuable articles. After all these things were buried, Tommy carefully replaced the boards saying, "Fast bind, safe find."

By this time it was almost evening, and the accounts from the neighbours and from passengers on the road, of the progress of the enemy, were fast multiplying. There was a large heavy carriage belonging to the family, but Tommy Tring opined, that if they rode in that "it would only be in their way," and that as the night was fast approaching, and the road to Uncle Josiah's none of the best, they would find it more advisable to trust to the fleetness of two excellent steeds, and perform the ride on horseback. "When we get into the woods," said he, "if we should hear the whole British army coming after us, there is no such thing as galloping a carriage, at least not for any length of time. And if we've good luck on horseback we shall get to Uncle Josiah's by bed-time."

Sidney had nothing to object, and two horses were now accoutred by Tommy Tring. His saddle-bags were filled with articles of clothing belonging to the sisters, his own wardrobe being tied up in a large handkerchief; and on the pommel of Sidney's saddle

hung a small straw basket containing some of her muslins. Sidney, according to the fashion of the times in that part of the country, was equipped in a striped linen riding-skirt, (a sort of long wide outside petticoat, which protected her chintz gown from injury while riding) and a narrow black silk cloak, short behind and long before, something in the form of a scarf, with a hood attached to it which she drew over her little straw bonnet. On a pillion behind her, sat Patty carefully guarded from the night-air by a double calico wrapper, which she called her button-coat, from the manner in which it was fastened in front, and a silk handkerchief tied down over her bonnet. She carried on her arm her school-satchel filled with gingerbread, among which was carefully wedged a little bottle of milk; Patty, when she travelled, having always a great dread of starving on the road.

The sun had set before they started; the shades of evening were fast closing round them, and Sidney's eyes filled with tears as she turned from the house of her father to seek a refuge from the relentless invaders of their country. The thunder of war had hitherto been rolling at a distance, but now the cloud hung almost directly over their heads.

Night soon came on, and most of the way lay through a thick forest. They proceeded some time in silence, broken only by the cry of a whip-poor-will on a tree above them, or the rustling of a mink as it stole across the path. Tommy Tring, after humming awhile to himself, broke out at last into an old song ; the second line of which made little Patty cling closer to her sister Sidney :

*“ Where are you going, my little boy ?”

Said the dark dark night on the road :

“ O ! I’m going to school,” said the child,

“ I’m but seven years old.”

“ What have you in yonder basket ?”

Said the dark dark night on the road ;

“ Some victuals and some drink,” said the child,

“ I’m but seven years old.”

The song was here interrupted by the long, loud, and thrilling screech of an owl from the hollow of a blasted oak, whose dark branches waved over their heads in the night-wind. Tommy stopped, Sidney started, and Patty

* This song, of which there were many verses, was well known among country people of the last century.

screamed ; but recovering herself in a moment, she said, " I know it's only an owl—I know that nobody ought to mind an owl, even when they *do* scream just like people. But I thought for a moment that somebody was getting killed by the British—and it seemed to sound like Cornwallis killing Russel. I think, Tommy, I had rather hear a story now, than any more of that song. And come round on this side, so that I can see where your face is, and ride along quite close."

" What story will you have," said Tommy, " Blue Beard, or Red Riding-Hood ?"

" I believe," answered Patty, " I'd better not hear about cutting off wives' heads, and about wolves eating children—At least, not to-night. So tell me *Little Mary** ; I have not heard that story for three or four weeks."

" Once upon a time," began Tommy, " there was an old woman that lived in the country, and she had three daughters : the youngest was the best, and her name was Little Mary."

" Why in all stories is the youngest daughter the best ?" said Patty. " Sidney, you are

* The story of Little Mary was frequently related to the author in her childhood. She has never seen it in print, and does not know its origin.

the eldest of our family, and I am sure you are the best of us all. Hold out your hand to me and let me kiss it, dear sister."

Tommy. Yes, but stories are stories. As you say, in all stories the youngest is the best. Well, where was I? O!—the family got so poor, that they thought they could not live together no longer; and then one of the oldest gals said, "Mother, bake us a big cake and a little cake, and we'll go and seek our fortune: but don't let Mary come."—So the mother went and baked them a big cake and a little cake, and they set off to seek their fortune. To keep her from following them, the mother locked up Mary in the back-garret, but Mary took out her little scissors and cut off the bed-cord. Then she fixed the bed-cord to the window and made a swing of it, and swung down to the ground.

Patty. I've often wondered how she could do that.

Tommy. No matter—it's only a story. Then Mary ran after her sisters: and when they looked back and saw her coming, they went and seized hold of her, and chuck'd her down hard upon the ground.

Patty. You forget that they said, "O, here comes Mary!"

Tommy. Well then, they said, "O, here comes Mary !" And so they held her down on the ground, and piled upon the top of her a great heap of stones.

Patty. And yet she was not crushed.

Tommy. No—she wasn't crush'd, for it's only a story. Then her sisters went off and left her. By and bye there came along a beggar-man. "O, good beggar-man !" said Mary, "if you'll only take these stones off me, the very next time you come past our house I'll give you as much good meal as your bag will hold."—Then the beggar-man took off all the stones, and as soon as Mary was free, she jumped up and run after her sisters. Then they looked back, and the eldest gal said, "O, here comes Mary !"

"Well," said the next oldest, "I don't care much about it. Let her come along and be satisfied." So they stopped till she came up, and then they went and took her along with them.

Patty. How glad I am—A'n't *you* glad, Tommy ?

Tommy. So they walked on and walked on, till night came upon them, and at last they saw a light.

Patty. But you should have said first, that they lost their way. People in stories always lose their way.

Tommy. Well then—they lost their way. After a long while they saw a light, and when they went towards it, they saw a great big house. So they knocked at the door, tap rap, tap rap, and an old woman opened it. And then she asked them in, and gave them their supper, and then she went and took them up stairs, and put them to-bed.

Patty. Tommy—Tommy ! Are you going to forget Gilmaculla ?

Tommy. Right.—They were waited on at supper by a little bound gal named Gilmaculla. Well, the giant's wife took them up stairs, and put them to-bed. Now there was a hole in the floor. So after awhile, Mary got up, and went and lay down on the floor, and put her eye close to the hole to peep, and see what she could see. And then there was a loud knock at the door, and presently a great big giant came in. So the giant began to snuff his nose, and he said, in a terrible voice, "Fee faw fum, I smell fresh meat and I will have some."

Patty. Giants always smell fresh meat.

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Tommy. Then the giant's wife, she up and told him that she had invited in three gals, but she advised him to keep them till they were fat. So the giant agreed to this, for he hated lean meat. Then he told his wife to make him some mush for supper. So she hung on a great pot of water as big as a barrel, and went and got a whole tub-full of indian meal. When Mary saw this, she looked about for a kag of salt that she had seen in a corner of the chamber. There was a ladder that led up to a trap-door in the roof; so Mary filled her apron with salt, and went right up this ladder, and got out on the roof. And then she looked down the chimbley, and saw the giant's wife stirring the mush and stirring the mush, and putting in great handfuls of salt. And whenever the woman's back was turned, Mary would throw another handful of salt down the chimbley into the mush-pot. All this made the mush so salt, that, after the giant had done eating it, he felt drier than ever he had been all his life before. So to squinch his thirst he drunk up all the liquor in the house. But the liquor only made him the drier, and then he drunk up all the water in the house. Still his thirst was nothing like squinch'd, and his wife proposed to

send little Gilmaculla to the spring to bring some more water, with the big silver tankard.

When Gilmaculla went and looked out at the door, she said, "It rains and it snows, it hails and it blows, and the night is as dark as the grave."—"Then," said the giant, "you may take my lantern of lightness; and be sure you don't open no more than *one* of its twelve doors." Now the lantern of lightness had a great big rumberella fixed to the top.

As soon as Gilmaculla had took the lantern of lightness, and the silver tankard, and gone off to the spring, little Mary came climbing down from the house-top, and run after her. Then Mary seized upon the silver tankard, and the lantern of lightness with the rumberella on the top, and threw Gilmaculla headforemost into the spring.

Patty. That always seemed to me a very bad thing of Mary.

Tommy. Pho! it's only a story. Well, Mary know'd that the silver tankard would be a great treasure to her and her sisters; but she had great curoosity, as all female people have; and so she went and opened all the twelve doors of the lantern of lightness, which thereupon right away gave out a great light

all over the world. And the light came shining in at the giant's winders, and so he ran out to see about it. He soon caught Mary, and found what she had done. So he shot up the lantern, and he seized hold of Mary by the hair of her head, and dragged her along home to his house. Then he went and tied up Mary in a great coarse bag, and told her as soon as it was morning he would go into the woods and pull a great bunch of rods with sharp thorns on them, and whip her till she died.

Patty. Poor little Mary! How she must have dreaded morning.

Tommy. Then the giant went to-bed, but he got up at day-light, and went off to the woods to get the rods. As soon as he was clear out of the house, Mary cut a hole in the bag with her scissors, and put up her hand through the hole and untied the string that fastened the top of the bag.

Patty. It was well that Mary always had her scissors with her.

Tommy. And then she went and woke up her sisters, and then they all came and seized hold of the giant's wife, and tied her hands behind her back, and her two feet together; and then they put her into the bag, and fastened it up tight. After this business

was settled, they went and rummaged about, and got together all the money, and all the jewels, and a great many other fine things that they found in the house, and filled their pockets with them. Then they went off home; and all this made them as rich as Jews, so that from that day they hadn't no need to go out no more to seek their fortune. And then they all got married, and then they all lived happy. That's the end of the story.

Patty. No, indeed, it is not.

Tommy. Yes it is. There's nothing else but the two morals. The first is, that people never know what's before them. Second Moral—As it turned out, Mary's sisters needn't have been so unwilling to let her go along with them, if they'd only know'd all the good she was to bring upon them. And there's another great lesson to be learnt from this here story, and that is, the fruits of curiosity; for if Mary hadn't gone and opened all the twelve doors of the lantern of lightness, the giant wouldn't have cotched her.

Patty. No matter, I never care for morals. But you certainly have not told the whole story. You should have said, that when the giant came home he thought Mary was still in the bag. So he fell on with the rods as hard as

he could strike, and had given his wife a good whipping before she could make him understand who she was.

Tommy. True, that is the end of the story.

Patty. If I was not quite sure and certain that nobody in the world ought on any account to be whipped, even if they are ever so bad, I should say that the giant's wife was rightly served for coaxing the girls into the house that her husband might have them to eat. Now, Tommy, tell me Jack and his Bean.

Tommy next recapitulated Jack and his Bean, and afterwards several other stories of a similar description; in all of which his little auditor was able to prompt him, though she listened with as much attention to these oft-told tales as if she had never heard them before. This is generally the case with children that are excessively fond of stories, and what intelligent child has not that fondness?

About ten o'clock they stopped at the dwelling of Josiah Parkins. The family were just preparing to go to-bed, and were surprised at so late an arrival. But on learning the cause, the fugitives received a most cordial welcome; and a repast of pie, pudding, cheese, and milk,

was immediately prepared for them. "I should not care," said Isaac Parkins, 'a boy of twelve years old, "if the British were to land once a month, provided it always brought us a visit from Cousin Sidney and little Patty."

"Thee speaks without proper thought," replied his mother, who was one of the most precise and literal of quaker-women.—

"Though it is very pleasant to see our cousins, the landing of the British once a month would be rather more than the country could bear."

Josiah Parkins had a fine farm, and a large mill on a branch of the Brandywine creek, in the care of which property he had at this time no other assistant than his son Isaac; his hired men having all left him to join the army, and his principles prevented him from keeping slaves. His two daughters had long been married, and gone to live in a distant part of New Jersey; and since their departure Mrs. Parkins kept two hired girls instead of one.

Little Patty informed Sidney, when they went to-bed, that Isaac Parkins was quite as good a whig as Russel, though he *was* a quaker-boy and wore a broad-brimmed hat. This he had told her himself in a conversation they had held together, when sitting on th-

stairs while supper was preparing. And indeed Josiah and his wife, though they did not speak positively as to their whiggism, acknowledged that "they had a draft that way."

Sidney's uneasiness respecting Russel kept her awake a great part of the night. She fell asleep toward day-break, and did not awaken till eight o'clock, when, inquiring for Tommy Tring, she heard that he had breakfasted about sun-rise, and had then taken one of the horses and gone off in search of Russel. "The truth is," said Mrs. Parkins, "that Tommy Tring, though only an old lame tailor (if I may be allowed to speak so of a fellow creature) is like all the rest of the men, and has a strange hankering after fighting and bloodshed, and desires to be among it whether he can do any thing or not."



"Isaac, my son Isaac, come back or I shall certainly blame thee—Thee's not in the right way."

RUSSEL AND SIDNEY ;

OR,

THE YOUNG REVOLUTIONISTS.

Part II.

———“ Never till this hour
stood I in such a presence.”——

Home.

More than a week had elapsed in much anxiety : and still no tidings were heard of Russel ; neither did Tommy Tring come back. The reports of the progress of the British army, under Howe and Cornwallis, were various and contradictory ; but it was very certain that the continental troops with Washington at their head, were advancing to interrupt the enemy on their march to Philadelphia.

The two armies were at length so near each other, that a battle seemed inevitable : and the

Parkins family had concluded to commence next morning their preparations for retreating to a greater distance from the probable scene of action, lest they should be exposed to danger, in case of the British proving victorious.

While things were in this state, though Mrs. Parkins took care that all the household affairs should go on as regularly as usual, it must be confessed that her husband did little else but borrow and lend newspapers; and Isaac was continually slipping off and rambling about in the hope of obtaining glimpses of soldiers. When at home, he spent much of his time in private confabulation with little Patty, praising the continentals and disparaging the regulars, and making profound comparisons between the British and American commanders. She taught him a song that she had learnt from Russel; though Isaac was obliged to go into the stable to sing it, lest his parents should hear him, (every thing like music being strictly interdicted in the family) and he declared to Patty, that the sorrel colt which his father had promised him, always gave a loud neigh and showed evident tokens of satisfaction whenever he began the words

"Come, all ye brave Americans, come quickly, come
At the sounding of the trumpet, and the beating of
the drum.
Come fight for General Washington and die at your
guns."

And Patty secretly made Isaac a cockade, which he was to wear when nobody saw him.

Late in the afternoon of the day preceding that in which they were to commence active preparations for their departure, the family were all seated in the front-room. Josiah was reading the last newspaper ; his wife making up a clean clear-starched cap ; Sidney putting new wristbands on one of Isaac's shirts, and Patty engaged in the "never ending still beginning" task of darning a pair of his stockings ; having stretched one of "the big holes" over the inverted lid of a tin canister, as the foot was too large to be spread out by putting her little hand inside of it.

Suddenly they were startled by an unusual noise, which attracted them all to the front door, and they saw Isaac running down the road, waving his hat, and shouting till completely out of breath.

"Why, Isaac, my son," exclaimed Mrs. Parkins, "what is it thee means ? I cannot say thy behaviour is pleasing to me."

"I'm glad that Friends do not see thee," said Josiah. "They would think thee was not in the right way."

"No matter for my behaviour," cried Isaac, "this is no time to talk about trifles. He's coming, he's coming, and he'll be here in less than no time."

"Who is coming," exclaimed Josiah, "William Howe, or Charles Cornwallis?"

"Neither, neither," answered Isaac, contemptuously, "but somebody greater than either of *them*. George Washington—He himself—His Excellency General Washington, Commander in Chief of the American Army, and appointed by Congress."

"Use not so many idle words," said his father, "but tell us at once what thee means."

Isaac. Why, just now as I was looking up and down the road, two young officers came galloping up to me and spoke to me in full regimentals, and asked me who I was, and where I lived, and how far off to my father's house, and if General Washington could be accommodated there for the night. At first I was so dashed and astounded that I did not know whether I stood on my head or my heels.

Mrs. Parkins. Thee did. Thee knew

right well that thee was not standing on thy head. Thee never stood on thy head in thy life.

Isaac. Yes, I have often, when nobody saw me ; I like to try dostards. Well then, I stood stock still and stared ; and then when I was sure that it was all real, and not just a dream, I began to jump sky-high.

Mrs. Parkins. Thee did not. Keep to the truth always. Thy leaps might have been great, but thee knows they did not reach the sky.

Josiah (impatiently.) But what else ?

Isaac. Why, the officers smiled, and I told them, as soon as I could speak, that myself, and my father and mother, would be proud and happy to have General Washington, and any of his officers, and even the commonest soldier in his army, to stay all night, or indeed for ever.

Mrs. Parkins. Thee said too much ; we should be pleased to have George Washington, and a few of his best-behaved officers ; but as for his common soldiers, they are not desirable. Isaac, thee seems of late to have lost thy discretion. Thy words and actions are not such as become Friends, and no stran-

ger could suppose, from thy behaviour, that thee belongs to Meeting.

Patty. Indeed, Aunt Abigail, no boys are discreet now. If you could only see Russel.

Sidney. I fear, indeed, that when Isaac visited us last spring, Russel gave him some lessons.

Mrs. Parkins (to Isaac.) When is George coming?

Isaac. Now, right off. He may be close at hand in a few minutes.

All. What, this evening?

Isaac. Yes, this very evening. So there's no time to lose.

In an instant all the family disappeared from the room, and commenced with great vigour the work of preparation. Josiah immediately fell to shaving, and then drest himself to receive the General in what he called his bettermost First-day suit, which was of light drab cloth with apple-tree buttons. Isaac, having also put on some clean clothes, combed his hair sleek, and ran up the hill to watch. One of the hired girls came in to give the parlour an extra sweeping and dusting, and little Patty returned from the garden dragging in an enormous quantity of seeded asparagus with its long feathery branches and its scarlet berries,

and placed it in the great blue pitcher that stood on the hearth. Sidney volunteered to get ready the General's chamber; and her aunt resorted to the kitchen, to superintend or rather to assist in the preparations for supper, remarking that "it was a long time since she had occasion to do any gay cooking."

The best patchwork quilt, composed entirely of "bran new" calico, tastefully arranged in the most approved patterns, namely, the sturgeon's back and the worm-fence, with an immense star for a centre piece, was spread over the bed in which General Washington was to repose that night. The bureau was adorned with a white quilted cloth or cover, so thick and so well-suffed, that it was meant to answer the purpose of a vast pincushion, in size more than a yard square; and on it was placed a bottle of peppermint and a bottle of "lavender compound;" the provincial toilets of those days having not yet got to Cologne water. Over the bureau, and relieved by a long slip of wall-paper behind it, was suspended a tall looking-glass in a narrow mahogany frame, on one side of which hung a comb-case of yellow paper bound with green ribbon, and on the other, a new calico iron-holder; also a nasturtian growing in water. The

pencock was luckily shedding his tail, and Patty was able to pick up a new supply of feathers to ornament the top of the mirror.

Mrs. Parkins came up to see that all was right, and made several improvements in the arrangement of the room. By the bed-side sat an enormous high strait-backed arm-chair, and on it she placed a pile of blankets, lest Washington should be cold in the night; and in case he should want an amusing book to read, the Journal of Job Scott was laid in the window.

Isaac had suggested that the General would doubtless be accompanied by some of his officers, therefore the other bed-rooms underwent a similar revolution.

So much despatch was used that all was soon ready, and the whole family were dressed and seated in a row in the front-porch, waiting for the eventful moment of Washington's arrival. Mrs. Parkins, however, was fully determined that they should all keep cool and quiet, and act in no way contrary to the principles of Friends. With this view, she brought her husband his hat, and desired him to put it on, that he might show George Washington he was not going to take it off, even for him. Isaac anticipating the same interdic-

tion, contrived to hide *his* hat, and pretended he could not find it: but his mother had much difficulty in making him keep his seat, as he was momentarily on the point of starting to the gate, to look if any one was coming. At last a cloud of dust was seen on the top of the hill, the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, three officers came in sight, riding all abreast and followed by an orderly-sergeant, and a black servant in livery.

The gentleman in the centre was Washington, then in the forty-fifth year of his age. He wore his General's uniform of blue, faced with buff; buff waistcoat and underclothes, high military boots, and a three-cornered hat with a black cockade. A broad sash of pale blue ribbon crossed his right shoulder and was fastened at his left side near the sword-belt. His hair was powdered and dressed according to the fashion of the times, and his sedate and noble countenance was in reality far handsomer than any of the portraits that have been painted of him. His figure was commanding in its air, and fine in its proportions, and like most Virginians he rode remarkably well. His manner united the dignity and urbanity of a gentleman, with the ease and grace of a soldier, and when he

dismounted from his horse and threw the reins to his servant, the heart of Sidney Campion swelled high with admiration as he approached; and she thought of Russel, and grieved still more at her brother's absence.

The family all rose from their seats, and the hat of Josiah was involuntarily taken off, "howbeit unused to the bowing mood." There was silence for a moment, and the General then said to Mrs. Parkins, "I believe, madam, I must take the liberty of encroaching on your hospitality for one night's accommodation."

"Thee's right welcome, George Washington," was the reply.

The General then shook hands with Josiah Parkins, who, recovering his speech, invited him into the house with his two aids-de-camp; and Isaac, who had previously received his lesson from his father, conducted the men to the stable with the horses. However, in a few minutes he was back again in the parlour, where he concealed himself behind a round tea-table, that was turned up in one corner of the room, and from whence he could, unobserved, drink in every word that the General said, and every look that he looked.

Mrs. Parkins and Sidney then departed to send

in the supper ; the table having been set in the adjoining room more than two hours previous. The arrangement of the dishes was voluntarily undertaken by the General's black servant, who called in the orderly-sergeant to help him, and who assumed much authority over the submissive and strictly-disciplined soldier, saying—" Why there now, you orderly, you sargen, who but white man would ever put fried chicken beside bile chicken ? And look agin now, han't you got rice pudding and custard close agether ? Why that's jist a same as dry bread and johnny-cake. And what you put all the presarves in one place for, in a whole crowd, 'stead of 'sperwing em about a table ? There now, look, you're setting the pickles among the cakes—and now you're doin worse, for you're mixin the pickle-sassers with the butter-plates, as if people was to butter their pickles. Come clear out, clear out to the kitchen, and bring in the heavy dishes, and leave me fix the nickanackereries in a way fit for master's General excellency, and the gentlemen aids."

" I dare say," murmured the orderly, " that you and the aids care more about these things than the general does himself."

"Pretty right there," replied the negro, "best go out, go out I tell you, and stick to the heavy work. Don't you offer to hand the General his coffee; and if you do, be sure and take care not to spill it on his repaulets."

"His what?" asked the sergeant.

"Why the big tassels that he carries on his shoulders. An't they bright shiny goold, and havn't I the cleaning of 'em with a brush and chalk. Your ignorance 'prises me."

"Oh! his epaulets," said the soldier.

"I'll not trust you," rejoined the negro. "So let nobody meddle with the master's General excellency but myself. I'll take care of him and nobody else. You may wait on the aids. And when supper's over, be sure you be at hand to clear away the rubbage."

Mrs. Parkins could not prevail on herself to quit the kitchen, lest the short cakes should not be sent in properly and "hot and hot;" and at her desire Sidney Campion presided at the table, where her beauty and modesty drew many glances and many civilities from the young officers.

As he sat down to table, Washington took off his sword, and handing it to the delighted Isaac (who had gradually emerged from his corner) he said to him—"There, my good

boy, will you be kind enough to put this away for me?" Isaac took it to the corner-cupboard (the usual place of deposit for articles of great value) and walked slowly across the room to prolong the felicity of holding in his hand the sword of Washington, carrying it upright before him as a king carries his sceptre. He carefully placed it in the cupboard, laying it across a huge china bowl, which was considered so precious that it had never yet been used; and then, full of his happiness, he went into the kitchen to communicate it.

"Isaac," said his mother, looking up from the table where she was cutting dough into cakes with the edge of a tumbler, "why does thee hold thy head so high, and straighten thy back beyond all reason, and walk with thy toes turned so far out? Thee looks as if pride had got into thee: therefore I desire a change."

"Mother," answered Isaac, "'tis no wonder I feel proud. I have been spoken to by Washington."

"What," enquired Mrs. Parkins, "did he tell thee to quit acting the monkey?"

"No," replied Isaac, "he unbuckled his sword, and choosing me out from all present, he said to me, in a tone of the greatest prefer-

ence, "There, my good boy, will you be kind enough to put this away for me." And no doubt he would have added much more, only that just at the moment Sidney sent him a cup of coffee. However his hand touched mine as he gave me the sword."

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed little Patty, "don't keep me here buttering short-cakes, but let me go into the parlour, and perhaps Washington may speak to me also."

"Thee's forgetting thy modesty," said Mrs. Parkins, "thee would not wish to be there face to face with all those officer-men in their regimentals?"

"Yes, indeed I would," answered Patty, "that's just what I want. There are no people in the world that look so beautiful as officers, and as to their uniform that's the very best part of them."

"Well," said Mrs. Parkins, "thee may slip in, if thee takes care to keep thyself as much out of view as possible. I'll just finish these cakes, and then if I live, I'll go in and take poor Sidney's place. I dare say she is impatient to get away from the table."

"Indeed, aunt," said the little girl, "I don't know how that can possibly be."

Supper over, the General and his officers were left to themselves till they retired for the night; and Sidney when she went to-bed regaled her little sister with a minute description of all that had passed in her absence, and particularly with an anecdote that one of the officers related of the Marquis de la Fayette, the young and enthusiastic French nobleman who had recently devoted to the cause of America his sword, his purse, and his influence. La Fayette was with the main army; but Washington accompanied by his aids had preceded the van-guard, with a view of reconnoitring the ground where it was probable the expected battle would take place; being desirous of judging for himself of the topography of that part of the country.

"How sorry I am," said little Patty, "that the charming French marquis did not come here with Washington. But it would have been too much glory for one house."

The family were up next morning long before the first glimpse of dawn, and a most profuse breakfast was prepared by a very early hour. After the repast was over, one of the aids followed Josiah out into the entry,

and told him he was desired by the General to request him to name the compensation that would be sufficient for the expence and trouble of their visit. The good quaker coloured deeply, and answered the officer in these words, "Alexander, I live on my own land, and I owe nobody a shilling. Therefore I can well afford to give George Washington and his people a night's rest and a meal's victuals. I own I do not approve of bloodshed, and fighting in any way is against my principles. But perhaps (for I don't speak positively) perhaps this war is the nearest to a just one of any that has ever taken place."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said the officer; "unfortunately the members of your very respectable society have too generally been opposed to the revolution."

"That is not from any dislike to liberty," rejoined the quaker, "but from a dislike to the spilling of blood. However, Friends are free to act as they think proper, and I also am free to refuse taking a single farthing for the entertainment of George Washington and his followers."

The aid began to expostulate, but Josiah stopped him by saying, "Put up that pocket-book, Alexander, the sight of it offends me."

I shall at any time be glad to see thee again or any of thy friends ; but if thee persists in offering me money, thee shall never more enter my house."

The officer smiled, put up the pocket-book, and shook hands with the generous quaker.

The men were now leading round the horses to the gate, and Washington was in the porch ready to depart. Isaac took the sword from the shelf in such haste that he threw down and broke the great bowl ; an accident that in less "stirring times," would have brought him a long and severe reprimand from his mother, but was now only noticed with "I declare, Isaac, thee ought to be talked to," as she returned to the porch to see the last of Washington.

"Isaac, Isaac," said little Patty, "do let *me* carry the sword to the General, and give it to him myself with my own hands ; and I dare say he will speak to me."

"Thee's asking too great a favour," replied Isaac, "too great for me to grant."

"Oh, Isaac !" resumed the little girl, "do be good to me. You know the rule—"Do as you would be done by."

"There then," said Isaac, giving her the weapon, "now hold it fast in both hands, and

carry it carefully, and don't let the belt trail on the ground."

Patty carried the sword to Washington who was earnestly engaged in giving some orders to his aids, which they were immediately to convey to General Greene and General Sullivan. Not having courage to speak, she stood silently beside him, looking anxiously in his face and hoping to catch his eye. One of the officers perceived her, and taking the sword out of her hand he presented it to the General, who buckled it on almost unconsciously, and continued talking on the subject that was engrossing his whole attention. Patty remained a few moments, but soon perceived that there was no hope for her; and with a swelling heart, a quivering lip, and eyes filling fast, she slowly retired, and going into the house she sat down at the foot of the stairs, and throwing her apron over her head, burst into tears. In this state she was found by her Uncle Josiah, who enquired the reason of her distress, which she told him with many sobs, saying that she was afraid her heart would soon break. The good quaker was much touched by the disappointment of the little girl and her consequent affliction. "Now wipe thine eyes," said he, "and

change thy face immediately, and when thee is able to look smilingly, I will take thee myself to Washington and he shall see thee and speak to thee."

In an instant Patty wiped her eyes very hard with her apron, and smiled with all her might. Josiah took her hand, and led her towards the horse-block at the gate, which was shaded by a large plum-tree. The General was there putting on his gloves and preparing to mount his impatient horse, the girth of whose saddle his black servant was tightening. The aids had already departed with the orderly-sergeant.

"Friend George," said Josiah, "I bring thee a little girl, a niece of mine, and by name Martha Campion. Her father, Robert Campion of Sycamore Hill, is away with the northern army, commanding a company of volunteers that he raised in his own neighbourhood. I know he is a good patriot, and he is called a good fighting-man. Thee will oblige *me*, and please the child, if thee will take some notice of her before thee starts. It will be something for her to remember."

"Bless you, my dear," said the General, laying his hand on her curly head, as he placed his foot in the stirrup. "The children of

my brave fellow-soldiers are mine also." He stooped and kissed her, and the little girl blushing with delight hid her face in the skirt of her uncle's coat.

The General had already taken leave of the other members of the family who were standing in the porch to see him off, and he now shook hands with his worthy entertainer, and with Isaac also, and mounting his horse was out of sight in a few minutes, followed by his black man.

It was more than half an hour after the departure of Washington, before the family could cease talking of him, so as to collect their ideas, and make the requisite arrangements for their intended departure in the afternoon, to seek a place of refuge at a greater distance from the neighbourhood of the expected battle. It was not, however, the intention of Josiah to accompany them; for he steadily declared (and when he was once resolved nothing could induce him to waver) that he did not feel free to desert his own house; and that he considered it his duty to remain there himself and take charge of his property: and as he was not "a fighting-man," he professed to have no apprehension of being exposed to any personal danger, should the battle even-

tuate successfully for the British. But as in that case, his house might be visited by the rude and reckless soldiers of the enemy, he thought it best that the women and children should be removed from it.

It was decided that they should seek a temporary asylum at the house of Hannah Grimpeon, a widow whose dwelling was in a remote and solitary place, a considerable distance from any public road, and whose late husband was a relation of Mrs. Parkins. Accordingly the business of preparation commenced, in which poor Sidney, who seemed destined to find no resting-place, gave ample assistance; as did also little Patty who professed great cleverness at such work, from having been so recently engaged in it. The two hired girls went home to their parents, Josiah saying that he could manage to keep house perfectly well by himself.

Sidney having expressed a preference for going on horseback, it was decided that Mrs. Parkins and little Patty should ride in the chaise and be driven by Isaac. The box belonging to the chaise was well filled with various articles, comprising among them all the silver belonging to the family; and a trunk was strapped on behind. Isaac took his seat

beside his mother, and Patty sat on a stool at their feet, with a little basket of eatables under her charge. They took an affectionate leave of Josiah, who made a great effort to appear cheerful, and gave much good advice to Isaac. Sidney kept as near to her fellow-travellers as possible, not wishing to lose sight of them; and in a few minutes they had ascended the hill, and turned back their heads to take a farewell look at the house, and at Josiah who was still gazing at them from the porch.

"Now, Isaac," said Mrs. Parkins, "I count greatly on thy discretion, and desire thee to conduct in steadiness and quiet. Thee's not to tell where we are going; and above all thee's not to mention to any one that George Washington and his people stayed at our house last night."

"I'd rather keep any thing to myself than that," replied Isaac.

"Thee must learn to place a seal on thy lips, now in these dangerous times," said his mother.

By way of a nearer cut they turned into a cross-road through the woods, and in a short time came in sight of the habitation of an ancient Indian woman who had been known in the neighbourhood since the earliest recollec-

tion of its "oldest inhabitant." Wasconsa was the daughter of a chief who, with his whole tribe, had exchanged their land with the white settlers for what they considered equivalent in blankets, powder, beads and other commodities highly valued by the Indians. Wasconsa was then a child, and she accompanied her countrymen when they turned their faces to the west: but after twelve years she came back again to the scenes of her earliest youth. She had been married, but had lost her husband in battle. Wasconsa remembered many marks of kindness which she had received from the white settlers, when a little Indian girl, previous to the departure of her tribe, and she came back confiding in a friendly reception. Her anticipations were realized, and she divided her time between the houses of the different farmers in her old neighbourhood. They found her useful, ingenious, and intelligent, and the squaw became a great favourite with all the children.

After a few years, Wasconsa longed again for the "forest wild," and returned to her countrymen; and it was long indeed before she was seen again in the settlement of her white friends. The marks of age were then

upon her; and Wasconsa having lost a second husband and all her children, she expressed a desire to establish herself permanently in the haunts of her early recollections. Some young men of the neighbourhood volunteered to build for her a shanty or hut, in a place which she indicated in the midst of a thick wood, and reclining against a rock, from the foot of which issued a clear spring; for she said that now she was growing old she wished to have a house of her own.

Wasconsa, however, still continued her visits to the families in the vicinity. Her peculiarities were tolerated and even sanctioned by indulgence, and she was always a welcome guest to her old friends, and their children and grand-children. When at home, her manner of living, and the furniture of her hut, were rude and rough as in the wildest wigwam: for she said it was not good for her to live always like white people.

The Indian woman employed herself in making baskets and moccasins, and in cultivating medicinal herbs in a patch of cleared ground behind the rock. By the sale of these articles she obtained a little money, some of which, it must be confessed, she spent at the store in rum; but she made it a point of hon-

our never to drink any thing but water while visiting at white houses, as she called them. We will not say that the squaw had equal self-command when alone in the solitude of her cabin.

Wasconsa was seated at her door, making a basket, when our travellers stopped to water their horses at her spring. She wore her usual dress of a long-sleeved chemise of dark-calico, (confined at the wrist and above the elbow with bands of bright tin resembling muffin-rings) and a red-stuff petticoat. Her hair, now almost white, was tied up on the top of her head with a string of beads, and was strongly contrasted with the dark hue of her tawny face. When Wasconsa went out, she added to her attire a pair of buckskin moccasins, a sort of cloak made of a blanket with arm-holes cut in it, and a man's black hat decorated with a band of blue beads.

While Isaac borrowed her bucket, and was proceeding to give water to the horses, Wasconsa invited the whole party into her house. They knew that to decline the hospitality of an Indian is a mortal affront, and therefore, though much pressed for time, they complied with the invitation, and took their seats on a bench in the interior of her hut, and the

squaw immediately regaled them with pieces of corn-bread dipped in wild honey, and presented on vine-leaves.

Patty looked round with much commiseration at the scanty furniture of the hut; particularly at Wasconsa's bed which was of coarse tow-linen, stuffed with the husks of Indian corn, and covered with a patchwork of skins. The bedstead, if it might be called so, was merely a few boards nailed on short upright logs planted in the earth of the floor.

"Well, Wasconsa, what is the news with thee?" said Mrs. Parkins taking off her bonnet for coolness and wiping the dust carefully from it.

"The war is near us," replied Wasconsa, "and we may soon hear the sound of guns, and smell the smell of powder. You know that I have seen fighting. This will make me think of old times."

"Wasconsa," said Patty, "are you a whig or a tory?"

"I am for Congress and Washington," said the Indian woman with animation. "I have heard much talk among the people where I go; and I think that *their* side is the right side."

"Aunt," said Patty, in a low voice, "I like her very much.

"But what is *your* news, Abigail Parkins?" enquired the squaw.

"Not much," answered Mrs. Parkins, "not much, indeed, Wasconsa; at least nothing worth speaking of."

"That's strange," said Wasconsa, "in such times as these."

"But yet," pursued Mrs. Parkins, "every body seems to have happenings of their own."

"Every body always has," remarked Wasconsa.

"Yes," resumed Mrs. Parkins, "but some happenings are greater than others."

"To be sure," said Wasconsa.

"In war-time," continued Mrs. Parkins, "we never know what's before us."

"Nor in peace-time neither," said Wasconsa.

"But what I mean is," pursued Mrs. Parkins, "that in war-time we are apt to see people that we should not see if things were all quiet. And to have near views of them too, even face to face. It is mostly in war-time that we are likely to entertain great strangers."

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There was a silence, which Mrs. Parkins broke in a few moments by saying suddenly, and in a quick careless voice, "George Washington stayed at our house last night."

"I knew he was in these parts," said Wasconsa.

"But was it not strange," said Mrs. Parkins, "that he should have come to *our* house of all houses in the world?"

"I see not the strangeness," answered Wasconsa.

"I can assure thee," resumed Mrs. Parkins, "we did our best to give George good entertainment."

"You give good entertainment to all visitors," said the Indian woman, who upon all occasions spoke precisely as she thought.

Mrs. Parkins was proceeding with a minute detail of all that had passed, from the first preparations for the reception of the General till his departure from the house, when she was suddenly startled by the report of a cannon shot.

"They've come—they've met," exclaimed the squaw, starting up, "they're at it now."

They all ran to the door, just in time to see Isaac drop the bucket out of which he himself had been drinking, and run off

through the woods with more speed than he had ever before exerted in his life, exclaiming "The fight's begun—I *must* see it. I can't come back till it's over."

His mother in vain called after him "Isaac, my son Isaac—Come back or I shall certainly blame thee. Thee's not in the right way."

They waited some time in much agitation, but Isaac did not return, and Wasconsa told them that they need not expect to see him again that day. The sound of heavy guns became frequent. Sidney trembled as she thought of Russel, believing him to be in the battle that was now going on, and fearing that he was there not as a mere spectator; and she mingled her tears with those of little Patty, who exclaimed, "Oh! I wish there could be war without fighting." Mrs. Parkins cried for a long time, but at last found some consolation in the reflection that Isaac had sense enough to take care of himself. "And then," said she, "he has had such a good bringing up that his principles may be depended on. No doubt he will be satisfied to look on at a safe distance. Besides he has no weapons, and I rather think that in real soldier battles there is no such thing as fighting with fists. And when he sees that he can

give no help, it is quite likely that he'll have wit enough to keep out of harm's way and not run needlessly into bloodshed. How much trouble there is with boys !"

"Yes indeed, aunt," said little Patty, "it's a pity that all boys are not girls."

After some consultation, it was finally decided that the party should proceed to their intended place of destination, in the hope that Isaac would manage to join them there that evening or the following day ; and for this purpose Sidney's horse was left for him in charge of Wasconsa, whose intention was to remain quietly in her own hovel, which had nothing in it to tempt the rapacity of the enemy, and was besides in too sequestered a spot to be easily discovered by them. Sidney then placed herself in the chaise with Patty and Mrs. Parkins, the latter undertaking to drive, and they took leave of Wasconsa, having first presented her with a pie and some cake from their provision basket.

The fugitives proceeded on their journey with heavy hearts. Their road soon carried them away from the sound of the guns, which seemed gradually to diminish like distant thunder ; but when they arrived at the top of the next hill they saw by the cloud of

white smoke hovering over the distant fields that the battle still continued.

As they drew near the end of their journey, Mrs. Parkins began to prepare Sidney for her first impressions of the house and family to which they were going, and whose only recommendations seemed to be their secluded situation, and their distance from any route the British were likely to take. "Indeed, Sidney," said she, "I apprehend thee will find them but a rough set, (if I may be permitted to speak so of my fellow-creatures.) Cousin Hannah Grimpson's housekeeping was never much to boast of even in her husband's lifetime, and I doubt if it's any better now. Cousin Jabez was a man well to-do in the world, and in his father's house was accustomed to having every thing full and plenty. But instead of looking for a wife among our own people, and marrying in Meeting as Friends ought to do, he goes away off to Conegocheague, where Hannah's father was a squatter, and he married her somewhere about Goose Creek. What could be expected of a girl that had no bringing up whatever? After this unlucky marriage, nothing ever seemed to prosper with him. So he fell into

a sort of melancholy way, and got hypp'd and thought he was a tea-pot."

"A tea-pot!" exclaimed Patty.

"Yes indeed," resumed Mrs. Parkins. "people that are hypp'd are full of these strange notions. He had hardly got over the tea-pot, when he began to imagine himself a clock, and he would stand for hours in the corner, swinging one arm back and forwards like a pendulum, and ticking with his mouth. His wife who was always very ignorant and superstitious, had him pow-wow'd over and over again; but it was all to no purpose. Hearing what a way he was in, I thought it my duty to go and see Cousin Jabez; and I found him on the top of the old stable, whisking about for a weathercock. There was no end to his fancies, and at this time he never was the same thing more than two days together. I persuaded Hannah to stop every sort of pow-wowing, and send for a real doctor. The doctor came and insisted on bleeding him, which Hannah thought dreadfully wicked: and she and the children cried and screamed all the time the blood was running, though Jabez declared it did not hurt him at all. Afterwards the doctor advised him to go from home and travel and see new places and

new people. His wife wanted to go along with him, but the doctor said that would spoil all; so he went by himself, and travelled away to Philadelphia and New-York and all about, and came home quite a different man. So after that, whenever he felt nervous, and as if his old fancies were coming upon him, he used to set off and go from home. And at last he never was well except when he was in other people's houses; as is mostly the case with men that have no comfort in their own. But he could not be away always, and every thing was going to wreck at home, and so he died about harvest-time. As soon as Cousin Jabez was dead, Hannah Grimpson made a vendue and sold all their decent furniture, thinking they should have no farther use for it; and now they are living on the money they got by the sale, and I dare say it will soon be gone. And even when they were really very well off, their management was so bad that every thing about them seemed poverty-stricken."

"Aunt," said little Patty, "I think we had better turn about, and not go to that house."

"Why," replied Mrs. Parkins, "I don't know any other that's likely to be so safe. And bad as it is, we can make out for a day

or two. A little change for the worse will only prepare us to like our own home the better."

* They were now in sight of Hannah Grimpson's habitation, a long low frame building, black for want of painting. There were several chasms in the roof where loose shingles had been blown away, and never replaced. Old hats and old petticoats were stuffed into the broken windows. The roof of the porch had long since gone off, and its tall posts were standing upright supporting nothing. The porch-floor was so loose for want of nails, that the boards tilted up and down whenever they were walked on; the steps were gone, and the ascent was now facilitated by three tottering stones placed one upon another. Under the porch was a large space which served as a receptacle for all the rubbish that was thought unworthy of the house; that is, old rags, broken earthen-ware, gridirons without bars; kettles without bottoms; flat-irons without handles; and tubs without hoops: for nothing belonging to the Grimpson family was ever mended. This

* The Grimpson family and all their superstitions are from life. So also is their housewifery.

museum of relics was the usual abiding place of the little negroes, and their playmates the younger Grimpsons who were bare-footed, dirty-handed, dirty-faced imps, with long matted hair of the colour and quality of tow.

The house stood alone in the midst of a waste field that was overgrown with the tall coarse stalks of the mullen-weed. On one side was a dismantled barn, and the ruins of a stable : on the other, a patch of ground meant for a garden, with the greatest part of its fence lying prostrate on the beds. This garden contained a few weedy vegetables, most of which were running to seed, and half a dozen crooked old trees.

At the sound of the chaise wheels, the whole Grimpson family, white and black, ran out to see what was coming, most of the young Africans carrying, by way of "doll-babies," squashes and corn-cobs begirt with old handkerchiefs. On Mrs. Parkins making known her business, the strangers were received by the family with as much civility as they were capable of, and invited into the house. It being now dusk, a candle, not bigger than Patty's little finger and of almost serpentine crookedness, was lighted, stuck in the remnant of

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an iron candlestick, and placed on the top of the dough-trough which generally answered the purpose of a table. There were two stump-beds in the room, with very dirty yarn coverlets, and no pillows. The chairs were all more or less maimed, and their bottoms were so broken that on most of them the spikes of the rushes stood up in fearful array, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

As there was not a pane of glass in the doors of the corner-cupboard, its contents, like every thing else in the house, were covered with dust. The embers of a fire glowed dimly on a vast hearth heaped with long hillocks of ashes ; and there was a broken bench in one of the recesses of the fire-place, where, as Hannah afterwards told her guests, "poor Jabez used to sit by the hour and look up the chimbley at the stars."

Hannah Grimpson was a tall ill-shaped woman with a parched-up face, a large mouth, and very scanty teeth. Her black hair, striped with grey, was half turned up under a dirty thick muslin cap, and half hanging about her neck. She and her daughters were habited in very dirty calico short-gowns, and very dirty stuff petticoats. The eldest girls, who were called Minty and Milky,

were of the ages of sixteen and seventeen. They were tall, dangling, and awkward, with very round backs and very narrow fronts, their arms being set on before. Their hay-coloured hair was gathered together at the back of the neck and tied with a bit of faded ribbon, from whence its remaining length hung down like a broad stiff brush. Their ears were wisely concealed under two great square side-locks, and their front hair was cut short and thick in a straight line just above their eye-brows. There were five or six younger children all of the same stamp.

Soon after the visitors were seated, Minty Grimpson went round with a small waiter, on which was a wine-glass containing some whiskey, with a lump of sugar and a tea-spoon in it : beside the wine-glass stood a tumbler of water. This refreshment was offered to all three of the guests, each of whom was expected to take a tea-spoonful of the sweetened whiskey, and to wash it down with a sup of water from the tumbler. The same mode of presenting whiskey and water to strangers still prevails in some parts of the country.

After much tedious preparation, a supper was placed before the weary travellers, which was so uninviting that they found it difficult

to eat even as much as good manners required. The coffee was weak and muddy ; the bread sour and heavy ; the butter rancid, as is always the case when it is made by dirty people ; the fried bacon was too fat and too salt to be endured ; and of the fried eggs that covered it, the whites were nearly black. The family did not join in the repast, having already had *their* supper ; but while Minty presided at table, her mother and Milky sat down by the fire and each smoked a pipe, filling the room with fumes of tobacco ; to the great annoyance of the guests, who were glad to retire for the night to their chamber, where they found that all three were expected to sleep in one bed. This room was on the ground-floor, and they were kept awake till nearly morning, by the squealing, grunting and scrambling of about a dozen pigs, who having no sty, were in the habit of coming every night to bivouack under the same window of the same chamber, fighting all the time about their beds, according to the usual custom of these amiable animals.

Next morning, when Mrs. Parkins with Sidney and Patty entered the sitting room, they found the breakfast table set, and a Johnny-cake baking, or rather burning, on a

board before the fire, while the two girls were combing and tying their long hair over it. The breakfast was similar to the supper, and the mother and daughters all told their dreams at it. It should have been mentioned that when the guests arrived the evening before, Hannah Grimpson had declared that she knew very well she should see strangers, as her nose had been itching all the afternoon, and that was a certain sign.

They were still at the breakfast table, when one of the little boys came crying in, having run a nail into his foot by treading on one of the old boards. Luckily the wound was slight and not in a dangerous part of the foot. Hannah Grimpson immediately sent a black boy to bring her that very nail. When it was brought, she greased the nail with a piece of fat bacon, wrapped it in a rag, and laid it up in a hole at the back of the chimney. "There now, Jemmy," said she, "you needn't cry no more—Your foot will be well enough in a day or two, if I keeps the nail well greased. Nothing more needn't be done. It's a sartain cure."

Little Patty opened her eyes wide with astonishment, and it was with some difficulty

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Mrs. Parkins prevailed on Hannah to allow her to undertake the cure of the boy's foot by other remedies. "You may try what you please," said Hannah at last; "but I know that all the virtue of the cure will be in the nail up the chimney. It's the way we always cured such hurts in the part of the country where I was raised. It's as sartin, as tying a skein of red silk round the neck is a cure for the scarlet fever."

"Now I think of it," said Mrs. Parkins, "why are thy bee-hives stuck over with bows of black crape?"

"Oh!" said Milky, "we put the bee-hives in mourning when daddy died, to keep the bees from going away; as they always do when there's a death in the family. Just after we lost little brother Johnny, while we were fretting for fear the bees would all take themselves off, there came along a Yankee pedler, and he told us the right way of preventing them, and mammy bought a yard of black crape of him, on purpose. So we made it up into bows and bands, and drest the bee-hives with it, and every bee stayed. And after a while we took off the crape and put it by to save it for the next death, and so it has come into use again for daddy."

Minty now entered from the garden, and said, "Mammy, I've been sowing some mustard-seed, and I want you and all the folks to come out in the garden and laugh."

"Laugh at what?" asked Mrs. Parkins.

"Why surely, cousin," said Minty, "you ~~must~~ know that when garden-seeds are sowed, the truck will come up sooner and grow better if the whole family and every body in the house stands round the bed and laughs."

"It is a ~~certain~~ fact," said Hannah Grimpson. "Most people only use this means when they sows parsley, but ~~we~~ thinks it best to be on the safe side and we laughs over every thing."

"Come, make haste," said Minty, "for if it isn't done quickly, there's no virtue in laughing."

"I cannot say," replied Mrs. Parkins, "that I feel free to go upon this business. Thee has certainly a right to do as thee pleases with thy own property : and, if it seems good to thee to laugh over thy garden-seeds, I shall take no measure to prevent it. But thee understands that I have an equal right to object to joining in it."

Sidney, however, was less scrupulous ; and at the repeated instances of the family, she and

Patty adjourned with them to the garden, and every member of the establishment (including both colours) assembled round the bed in which Minty had sown the mustard-seed. The laugh was immediately commenced, and at first it was forced and unnatural, except with the negroes ; but in a short time it became contagious, and Sidney saw the whole proceeding in so ridiculous a light, that her mirth was as much excited as little Patty's.

The laughter continued for some minutes, the peals were rising to "a louder yet, and yet a louder strain," and the performers in this strange chorus would perhaps have found some difficulty in stopping themselves ; but they were at last interrupted by the sound of a horse's feet, and in a moment they all ran to the fence to see who was coming. Sidney and Patty hoped that it was Russel, and Mrs. Parkins came out in expectation of finding her run-away Isaac. But they were sadly disappointed. It was the ague-doctor, who had been sent for to cure Milky Grimpson of that deplorable disease, with which she was afflicted every third day, "having got it," as they said, "when she was on a visit down in Sassafras Neck."

The doctor was a short, clumsy, red-faced man, and had a countenance indicative of gross ignorance tinged with low cunning. This arrival appeared to diffuse great joy throughout the family, and he was invited into the house, and refreshed with a glass of whiskey without any water after it. Mrs. Parkins, on enquiring the nature of his specific, learned that the cure was to be effected by tying the ague to a tree. Seeing that the strangers were much at a loss for the meaning of this singular remedy, they were invited to witness the process.

* The doctor enquired which was "the ague gal?" and then asking for some blue and white yarn, he desired her to assist him in twisting it into a strong cord. This was done, and he led her to a large old apple-tree in the garden, followed by the whole household, who all made a point of maintaining the most serious faces during the ceremony. He then made a loop at one end of the cord, and through this loop Milky was desired to put her hand. The doctor then tied the other end of

* It is not many years since a man in the vicinity of Philadelphia professed this method of curing the ague.

the string to a branch of the tree ; and by his direction, Milky, after he had muttered some unintelligible words, slipped her hand out of the loop and ran back to the house with all her might, taking care not to look behind her, lest, as the doctor said, she should break the charm.

“And now,” said the doctor, “the agoe is tied to the tree, and the tree will have the complaint, and all its future apples will be cold and tasteless and watery. Did you never see apples that had the agoe?”

The doctor now returned to the house, and declaring he must “up and be going, as he had six whole families to cure on Bohema River,” his fee was prepared for him with as much speed as the Grimpsons were capable of exerting. He said he never took money, “for as he was the seventh son of a seventh son, if he was paid in coin his virtue would all go out of him, and therefore he had to be satisfied in produce.”

Accordingly his saddle-bags were filled with bacon, cheese, meal, and various other articles ; and at departing he asked for a piece of new linsey to make him a pair of trousers : which linsey he rolled up and put into one of his capacious pockets.

Sidney had asked him if he knew any thing of the result of the battle, upon which he put on a solemn face and replied that being devoted to curing, he never took any account of killing, and that if he meddled in any way with fighting his virtue would go out of him. After his departure, little Patty said in a low voice to her sister, "Sidney, if Russel was here I know what he would say of this doctor." "What?" "That he is more knave than fool. You know Russel often says that of people."

The family now returned to their household affairs, in which they derived very little assistance from the negroes, the best of whom had long since ran away. Of those that remained none exceeded the age of fourteen, and all were utterly worthless; doing nothing but what they pleased, and having neither love nor fear of their owners. A black boy was prevailed on, with much difficulty, to quit swinging on the barn-yard gate (the only one that had hinges) and go to the woods to get fuel for heating the oven. Instead of going to the woods, he went to the orchard, which was much nearer, and committed sad havoc among the trees, in breaking and cutting them to procure a supply of dry branches.

Milky Grimpson made up in the dough-trough a huge mass of pie-crust, concocted with rye meal, shortened with cold grease that had been skimmed from the bacon-pot. Minty, having procured a tub of apples, took an axe and chopped them up, skins, cores, and all, to make filling for the pies, each of which was sweetened with a little molasses. The mother smoked her pipe, heated the oven, and "got dinner;" having first taken a pan of the morning's milk (which had sat for many hours on the dresser with the sun shining into it) and strained out the flies through something that greatly resembled a dish-cloth, and then threw into it a handful of dirty rice, unwashed and unpicked. This was afterwards baked as a rice pudding. As soon as the pies were all made and ranged on the dough-trough and dresser, ready for the oven, Milky seized the stump of an old broom, and raised a thick dust all over them by furiously sweeping the floor.

The first course of the dinner, consisted of the above-mentioned rice-pudding, and the second of a piece of fat rusty bacon, boiled with wild greens or rather weeds gathered from the fields; Hannah Grimpson saying by way of apology, "I am quite put out, that

we've no better sass now that strangers are come, but somehow we did not plant as much garden-truck as usual, and what there was didn't get well weeded, and as to the early 'tatoes the pigs have rooted up most of them." Next was produced a dish of hot-corn of that description called nubbings, and the repast concluded with a couple of stale apple-pies, so hard as to be scarcely penetrable to knife or teeth; the pies prepared that morning not being yet baked, and Hannah assuring her guests that "they would be saft enough if they could only be eat hot."

At any other time the slovenly and uncomfortable habits of this family would have been absolutely intolerable to their new inmates, whose minds, however, were so anxiously engaged with subjects of deeper interest, that much that was annoying and disgusting now passed almost without notice.

In the course of the day, they received a great deal of contradictory intelligence from neighbours that came "to see the strangers," but nothing was heard of Russel, Isaac, or even of Tommy Tring. Sidney, who was extremely clever at her pen, had promised to write to her uncle Josiah Parkins to inform

him of their arrival : and she was now still more anxious to despatch a letter to him in the hope of gaining in return some tidings of the truant boys. But on inquiring for writing materials, the girls told her "that the pen and ink had been sold at the vendue after daddy died, not supposing that it would ever be wanted again, but that she could easily borrow of the schoolmaster who lived but two miles off, and that black Jack should catch a horse and gallop away directly to bring it to her if she was in a great hurry for it." Sidney recollecting that she had a lead pencil, and had taken the precaution to bring some paper with her, managed to write the letter without sending to the schoolmaster for pen and ink ; and steeping the paper in milk to prevent the pencil-marks from rubbing off, she dried and folded the sheet and prepared to send it to her Uncle Josiah by black Jack, who never objected to catch a horse, and who was always more willing to ride than to do any thing else.



"Russel again relapsed into insensibility, and when he recovered, the moon had risen, and he found Tommy
Tring throwing water in his face, and Isaac Parkins holding his head."

RUSSEL AND SIDNEY ;
OR,
THE YOUNG REVOLUTIONISTS.

Part XXX.

" In the ranks of death you'll find him."

Moore.

We will now return to Russel Campion, not, however, with the intention of following him through all his adventures while he "hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd the road he took." Intelligent, active, hardy, and of a spirit that shrunk from nothing, he had frequent opportunities of being of essential service in the cause to which all his energies were directed ; for he was quick and comprehensive in his observations, and alert in conveying and communicating them to the right persons.

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He soon became well known to Maxwell's riflemen, meeting them in their frequent excursions through the country about the Brandywine, where they were of much service in annoying the British and cutting off their foraging parties. But this sort of warfare was only tolerable to the impetuous spirit of Russel, as a preparation for what was soon to come ; and he longed for the hour of the anticipated battle, being determined at all hazards to have some share in it.

The army of Washington was now waiting for that of Howe, and lay encamped behind the Brandywine, in the vicinity of Chad's Ford ; which, being the passage most likely to be attempted by the British, was defended by the commander-in-chief. General Armstrong and his militia had charge of the crossing place at the shallows below, and the bugle of Maxwell's riflemen rung through the woods above.

It was on the afternoon of the tenth of September that Russel arrived at one of the outposts of Washington's army, and, as his sole object now was to have some participation in the expected conflict, he had left his horse at the nearest tavern, supposing that he could fight more conveniently without him.

Being challenged by the first sentinel, he declared his name and family, and that it was his earnest desire to be admitted into the camp, and to be allowed to assist as far as he could in the impending battle : assuring the soldier that his gun was excellent, and that he was considered a capital shot.

" If we were to take all the boys that offer, we should soon have the camp full of them," replied the sentinel ; " but wait till the relief comes round, (which will be in a few minutes) and I will see what can be done for you. Lieutenant Arncliffe will be along, and he has a great fancy for boys that are full of fight."

" Lieutenant Charles Arncliffe of the Pennsylvania line ?" exclaimed Russel.

" Yes,"—replied the sentinel, " the very same. He's a noble fellow, and very good to the men, as brave officers always are."

Russel now determined to be good to his men, if he ever should have any. And he was rejoiced to find that he was likely to meet with a friend in the camp. " I know Lieutenant Arncliffe very well," said he, " his father and my father were old acquaintances. He once passed a night at Sycamore Hill, and he and I became very good friends."

In a short time, the relief arrived, and, as soon as the ceremony of changing the guard was over, Russel came forward and offering his hand to Lieutenant Arncliffe, he exclaimed, "Mr. Arncliffe, I hope you remember me, I am Russel Campion, the son of Robert Campion of Sycamore Hill."

"I certainly do remember you, my fine fellow," said the young officer, shaking Russel cordially by the hand—"and you have often been in my thoughts since the delightful evening I passed at your father's house. Mr. Campion, I know, is with the northern army; but how are your sisters, particularly my little friend Patty?"

Russel briefly replied to this question, and then earnestly and anxiously expressed his desire to be allowed to visit the camp, and to remain with the army till the battle was over. The lieutenant, who was very young and replete with war and patriotism, could see nothing objectionable in his request, and putting Russel's arm through his, he walked with him to the camp, which was about a mile distant. Here Lieutenant Arncliffe introduced him to his colonel, who received him very kindly and inquired his story, which Russel concisely related. In truth, the personal appearance of

our juvenile hero was so much in his favour that he always made a favourable impression on strangers. He was indeed a remarkably fine-looking boy, with a figure athletic and symmetrical beyond his age, and with uncommonly handsome features expressive at once of spirit, intelligence, and vivacity.

General Washington was absent on business which he was unwilling to trust to any thing less than his own personal observation : and it was on this evening that he was indebted to the hospitality of Josiah Parkins. Russel knew that the residence of his uncle was at no great distance from the camp, but he adhered firmly to his resolution of not seeing his sisters till after the battle.

This was the first encampment on a large scale, that Russel had ever visited, and his delight at a scene so animated and exhilarating can only be conceived by minds as young and as enthusiastic. His friend Lieutenant Arncliffe pointed out to him the tent of the Marquis de la Fayette, of whom they had a glimpse through the half-open curtains, as he sat writing at his table. " I have no doubt," said Arncliffe, " that the marquis is now engaged in a letter to his wife, in case he should not survive to-morrow."——Russel was touch-

ed, and he resolved to write to his sisters, lest after this night it should never be in his power to address them again.

The drum now beat for the evening parade. The soldiers came out from their tents, and assembled in regular order. The line was formed, and this evening all the officers were present, including La Fayette, whose animated looks and gestures, and the intense interest he seemed to take in every thing around him, excited the warm admiration of Russel, who felt that the noble young Frenchman was indeed "a chief to live and die under."

The general-order, read at the close of the parade, had reference entirely to the preparations expedient for the combat of the morrow : and that night "when the drum beat the hour for retiring," many lay down to repose themselves whose next sleep was that of death.

At the earnest request of Gideon Gilpin, an officer of the Delaware line, whose residence was in the immediate vicinity of Chad's Ford, La Fayette accompanied him home, and there passed the night previous to the battle.

Russel shared the tent and the supper of Lieutenant Arncliffe. It was long before the novelty of the situation, and his anticipations of the ensuing day, allowed him to close his

eyes. But at last he fell into a profound slumber, which however was not of long duration ; for, so early as while the last stars were still gleaming, he was awakened by the drums and fifes, performing the clear and enlivening notes of the reveillie. It was still early morning when Washington returned to the camp ; and on his arrival he held a council with his officers, and some new arrangements took place in consequence of the observations he had made, and the information he had received while reconnoitring on the preceding day.

The striking of the tents appeared to Russel almost like the effect of magic, so instantaneously were they all levelled with the ground at the third tap of the drum ; the pins and cords having been previously loosened, and the men standing by, ready to let them fall at the moment of the signal. Every thing was prepared to give the enemy a warm reception. The advanced guards of the hostile armies were now within seven miles of each other, still divided by the Brandywine Creek, or river as it would be called in Europe. The sound of distant firing was heard throughout the morning, and there was much skirmishing before the battle became general. But it was not till near noon that the principal attack was

made on the central division of the American army, under the immediate command of Washington, whose antagonists were Howe and the Hessian general Knyphausen ; while Cornwallis, at the head of the second British column, made a circuit round, and engaged General Sullivan higher up the creek, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham Meeting-house.

But it is not our intention to enter into any historical details of the Battle of Brandywine. For these we refer our readers to the legitimate annals of the revolutionary war. And glad shall we be if our simple sketches of the domestic life and manners of that memorable period can excite so much interest in our young friends, as to awaken in them a desire to acquaint themselves thoroughly and accurately with the leading events and the leading characters to which we owe the establishment of our glorious independence, and the right to that most honourable of all titles, "the children of freemen."

Russel being permitted by Lieutenant Arncliffe to join the soldiers of his company, soon found himself in the midst of the engagement ; and such was his excitement, that he scarcely at the time gave a thought either to the dan-

gers or the horrors of the scene. Suddenly, while he was wiping his parched brows with his handkerchief during a short pause in the fight, he saw Tommy Tring emerging from the edge of the woods, and heard him call out, "Aha ! I've caught you at last. Better late than never. Come with me directly to your sisters."

"Tommy Tring," replied Russel, "talk no more nonsense on that subject. Wait till the battle is over, and then I shall be glad to see the girls again. But as for going to them *now*, I will certainly do no such thing."

"There's no use in my going without you then," said Tommy, dismounting from his horse, and hitching the bridle to a tree, "so I may as well stay here myself, and take my chance with you. What's sass for the goose is sass for the gander. I have seen no great fighting since the day that General Wolfe was killed in his best coat, at the battle of Quebec. But where's General Washington ?"

"There," answered Russel, pointing forward, "there he is on the white horse. And there is the Marquis de la Fayette galloping along the front."

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"You may as well lend me that gun of yours," said Tommy. "I shall do more good with it than you. Being a practised person—"

"Not I indeed," interrupted Russel. "I shall keep it in my own hands. I have just loaded again."

"You seem to think charity begins at home," said Tommy. "I did not believe you were so selfish. Suppose we load and fire turn about?"

"No," answered Russel, "I will not be generous with my gun; I will keep it all to myself."

"Just let me see if there an't something the matter with the lock," said Tommy; and taking the gun suddenly from Russel's hand, he discharged it at a British soldier and shot the feather from his cap, without the man's perceiving it.

"The lock's all right," said Tommy; "the proof of the pudding's in the eating."

"Now, Tommy," exclaimed Russel, snatching the gun away from him, "you shall not do that again. I will share any thing else with you; but my gun is for myself alone, till I can get a better one."

"And when will that be?" said Tommy. "What am I to do in the mean time? A man may catch cold while his coat's a making."

"The best thing you can do," said Russel, "is to quit the field—Think of your age and your lameness."

"I won't,"—replied Tommy, "I won't do no such thing—I can be of some use teaching the new-beginners. And what if I *am* killed—Dead men pay no doctors."

The battle went on, and both Russel and Tommy Tring were soon able to provide themselves with muskets and cartouch-boxes that had belonged to the fallen. A shot of Russel took effect on the shoulder of a British officer, who immediately turned pale and fell from his horse to the ground, where he lay motionless, stunned by the fall, and bleeding profusely from the wound. At this sight Russel felt the deepest regret and compunction. In a moment he was beside the wounded officer, with Tommy Tring, who ran as fast as he could, to assist him. "Now, Tommy," said Russel, "I command you to stay with this man, and attend to him, as you know how."

"Why, Russel," said Tommy, "he's an Englishman. Don't you see his red-coat? He's only an Englishman."

"Of course," replied Russel, "I know that he's a British officer. But I do not wish even an Englishman to suffer for want of assistance, when he is wounded. So I desire you to take care of him."

"What," exclaimed Tommy, "now that I am just beginning to feel as I did when I was helping General Wolfe at the battle of Quebec,—am I to be put off with taking care of an Englishman, as if I was fit for nothing else. No, indeed—I've other fish to fry."

"Listen to me," said Russel, laying his hand on Tommy Tring's arm. "If you can manage to save the life of this man, I will take care, should we all outlive this day, to see you rewarded with a purse full of Spanish dollars."

"No money shall make me quit the field," replied Tommy. "I care nothing about the puss. Money is the root of all evil."

"Then," resumed Russel, "I will have a full suit cut off for you, of that superfine brown broad-cloth that you have been admiring at Robinson's for the last three months.

"Think of the pleasure of making it up yourself."

"The purplish brown?" said Tommy.

"Yes, yes—the purplish brown," replied Russel, "But come—make haste—there is no time to be lost."

"Coat, waistcoat, and breeches?" pursued Tommy.

"All three," replied Russel, "imagine yourself in a full suit of that purplish brown. So now, let's convey this poor fellow to the woods, and do you examine his wound and do the best you can for him, and get one of the surgeons to come and look at him as soon as possible."

"How dost thee do, Russel," cried a voice from above. And looking up, they perceived Isaac Parkins, who had just arrived, and had ascended a tree to take a comprehensive survey of the scene before him. Russel did not waste any time in asking Isaac what brought him thither, supposing it perfectly natural that he should come; but immediately put him in requisition to assist in carrying the wounded Englishman into the woods.

As soon as they began to remove him, the
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British officer opened his eyes, but seemed unconscious of every thing except the pain of his wound. Russel was now much affected at what he had done, and greatly compassionated the sufferings of the Englishman. But he thought that this was no time to indulge his feelings, and consigning the wounded man to the care of Tommy and Isaac, he was turning to hurry back to the scene of action.

"Stop, Russel," exclaimed Isaac, "I intend to go with thee. It's against my principles to fight and take life, but to prove that I am no coward, I will not keep out of danger."

"There is no use," said Russel, "in running into danger if you don't fight. Nothing is expected of a Quaker boy. But, without fighting, you may do a great deal of good. Therefore try to find a surgeon, and bring him to this poor Englishman ; and you will have danger enough, one way or other, before the day is over."

Russel hastened back to the chief place of combat, where his intrepidity excited the admiration of all who saw him, and his friend Arncliffe took an opportunity, as he passed rapidly near him, to catch Russel's hand and

exclaim—"Well done, my brave fellow—I knew the right mettle was in you."

The battle was now beginning to go against the Americans, overpowered as they were by the superior numbers and skilful manœuvres of their more experienced enemy. But Russel caught a new access of ardour as he beheld the noble La Fayette, wherever the danger was greatest, encouraging the troops by his example, and rallying those that had fallen into confusion. Suddenly the marquis stopped, and was instantly concealed from view by a group of officers and soldiers, who pressed round him with looks of intense interest. Russel then learned that the gallant young Frenchman had been wounded by a musket shot just below the knee, and that his blood was then streaming in the cause of America. La Fayette, however, seemed to consider the hurt as of no consequence, and refused to quit the field. He took off his sash for a bandage, the wound was bound up, and the marquis continued as before, cheering and animating the soldiers till he was compelled to retire.

Of the coolness and presence of mind always evinced by Washington, and of the consummate military skill with which he saved the retreating army, (doing all that

could be done by man to retrieve the unforeseen disasters of the day) it is needless to speak. It is enough to say that he was there.

The last time, during the battle, that Russel Campion and Lieutenant Arncliffe were together, they were engaged in loading and firing a cannon, round which all the soldiers, in charge of it had fallen. They were then attacked by a party of British grenadiers, and they defended themselves heroically. Arncliffe fought till his sword was broken, and his right hand disabled by a pistol-shot; and he was finally carried off a prisoner; having first seen Russel laid at his feet with repeated wounds, and looking as if life was extinguished forever.

The night had set in, and the stars were sparkling over his head, when Russel revived to consciousness, and found himself extended on the cold and dewy grass—"mid the groans of the dying, and blood of the slain."

That the battle had been lost was his first definite idea; his next thought was of his sisters and his father, and of their anguish on learning his fate: for he expected nothing else than to expire on the spot where he lay, alone and unassisted. He again relapsed into insensibility, and when he recovered, the moon had risen, and he found Tommy Tring throwing water in his face from a canteen which he had filled at a neighbouring brook, and Isaac Parkins supporting his head, and crying and sobbing over him.

"We are defeated," said Russel in a faint voice.

"Yes, indeed," answered Tommy, "both defeated and retreated. Might overcomes right. But I'm glad to find you're not kill'd dead. While there's life there's hope."

"Oh, Russel!" exclaimed Isaac, "I expect thee's had enough of soldiering."

"Now don't make him worse by finding fault with his sogering," said Tommy. "What's done can't be undone. 'Tis bad enough for him to bear the pain of his wounds, without listening to quaker talk. Sick people should never be taken to task about nothing, and all that is said to them should be agreeable and comforting. Russel.

my dear boy, it was quite right and proper for you to come to the battle, and just what you ought to have done. And if you die of these hurts, it will be a great satisfaction for you to know that you got your death by fighting for Congress."

"So it will," said Russel, "but still I would rather live to fight again for Congress. And then, if this battle had been a victory instead of a defeat!"——

Here his strength failed, and he could say no more.

When Tommy and Isaac had last seen Russel he had left in their care the officer that he had wounded, and whom they had carried into the adjacent woods. Tommy went in search of his horse, to ride round among the neighbouring farmers, and see if he could obtain a shelter for the unfortunate Briton, whose sufferings deeply excited their compassion. But Tommy's horse, frightened at the sound of the guns, had broken his bridle and ran away. Isaac was therefore deputed to go on this errand, as Tommy's lameness incapacitated him from much walking.

Isaac found every house already crowded with the wounded, but at last a family of free negroes consented to receive the British officer

into their cottage, and assisted in getting him carried thither. A doctor was then obtained, who examined the wound in the shoulder of the Englishman, and pronounced it dangerous. The officer had also been severely hurt by falling from his horse after he received the shot.

This business occupied the remainder of the afternoon, and it was dark when Isaac and Tommy returned to the field of battle, that being the only place where they supposed it likely to find Russel, and they accordingly commenced the painful and indeed shocking task of seeking him among the dead and the dying.

They had constructed in the woods a sort of litter or hand-barrow of the branches of trees, and after finding Russel and talking with him as above, they went back to fetch it, with the intention of carrying him away. They had brought with them from the cottage a black man, who was now looking about in another part of the field.

When they returned to the place where they had left Russel, the bleeding of whose wounds had been checked by the chillness of the night-air, they saw that he had raised himself on one arm to look at two women,

who were scuffling and scolding near him. "I am glad you are come," said Russel; "I have been trying in vain to collect strength enough to rise and part these women. I never saw such awkward fighting—it is nearly all scratching faces and pulling hair. Do part them. I see that one of them is my old friend Wasconsa."

The black man now came up, and with his assistance the combatants were parted, though not without great opposition from one of them, who was drest in a ragged black stuff gown and a soldier's long red coat, under which was tied a check apron; her head being covered with a tattered night-cap, surmounted with an old cocked hat. They found her to be an Englishwoman of the very lowest order, such as follow the army, and are in the practice of prowling at night over the field of battle to plunder the dead and the wounded, frequently destroying whatever remains of life they may find in the latter.

This woman had come up to Russel, and knelt beside him with the intention of searching for his money, supposing him to be dead; but he started immediately, and made some resistance. She then stretched out her hand to take up a bayonet that lay at a little dis-

tance, but in a moment she was pulled back and nearly upset by Wasconsa, whose curiosity had brought her to the field. The soldier-woman started on her feet, and with a horrible oath seized Wasconsa and struck her. The squaw was not backward in returning the blow, and the fight was raging furiously when they were parted as before-mentioned. The Englishwoman then went off, muttering dreadful imprecations; and they proceeded to put Russel on the litter, intending to convey him to the cottage of the free negroes.

"Wasconsa," said Russel, holding out his hand to her, "I believe you have saved my life. I would rather take my chance with twenty British soldiers, than with one such woman as that."

"I *have* saved your life," said Wasconsa, "and you must pay me for it."

"Oh! shame, shame!" exclaimed Tommy Tring.

"Wasconsa," said Isaac, "I did not think thee so mean."

"He that calls me mean is a dog," replied Wasconsa indignantly. "Was not a chief my father? Russel, have you forgotten, that

two winters ago, I came to Sycamore Hill ; and that I had the best seat at Squire Campi-on's table, and that you all listened to my sto-ries of my own people, and were pleased. And when I got the rheumatism and was in pain, did not your sisters nurse me and rub me with camfire ? And when I was tired of white people's victuals and wanted an opos-sum, did not you, Russel, go all day in search of one for me ? Can I ever forget its fat-ness ?”

She paused, and Tommy and Isaac, assist-ed by the black man, began to move with the litter.

“Stop,” said Wasconsa, “my talk is not yet over, and it is bad to interrupt me. Let Rus-sel Campion be carried to my cabin. The house of the negro-man is by this time filled with wounded British. It will not be good to put Russel among them. They will keep him angry all the time, so that his wounds will not get well. In my hut he will have peace ; there, no one will disturb him. What I have not myself, I can borrow for him in the neighbourhood. I will nurse him, and I can cure him. He and his people were kind to me—I am grateful. Now I have spo-ken.”

Russel immediately expressed his approbation of this plan. Tommy and Isaac had taken off their coats to make a sort of bed for him on the litter, and Wasconsa contributed her blanket for the same purpose. The whole party now set out for the cabin of the Indian woman, which was so much nearer than any other habitation, that they wondered they had not thought of conveying the British officer thither.

"That trouble would have been useless," said Wasconsa, "I would not have taken him in. Nothing British shall ever come under my roof."

The pain of Russel's wounds was much increased by the motion of the litter, which also caused them to bleed afresh ; and though he sustained his sufferings with heroic fortitude, not uttering a single complaint, he was sadly exhausted by the time they arrived at the hut of Wasconsa. There she examined and dressed his wounds with great tenderness, and with the skill and dexterity of a practised hand. None of his hurts appeared to be dangerous, and Russel was now cheered with the hope "that he should live to fight another day."

We will now return to Josiah Parkins, who on the afternoon that his family departed, found much difficulty in preserving his customary composure. Like his son Isaac, before the arrival of Washington, he was perpetually looking up and down the road, and his trips to the top of the hill were very frequent; particularly after he began to hear the guns of the far-off battle, and saw the white smoke rising above the distant wood-tops.

Evening came, and Josiah was not long in suspense as to the event of the contest. He sat by himself in his now lonely porch, and hastened to the gate to inquire of every one that passed. When he retired for the night, he jumped from his bed, and ran to put his head out of the window as often as he heard the sound of horses' feet, which was about twenty times in the course of three hours. Fugitives from the field came galloping along, and as Josiah called out to them to ask the news, their answers told only of disaster and defeat. Washington with his troops, were retreating to Chester, and those that passed the house of Josiah were stragglers from the main body.

Josiah spent the next morning in going about collecting and communicating news, and comparing notes. Like himself, most of the neighbours had sent away their women and children, and the men, after they had taken measures to secure their most valuable effects, were left in what Tommy Tring would have called "a nothing-to-do-ish sort of way." But in the afternoon, hearing that the British army was again in motion, Josiah thought it prudent to remain at home and keep guard over his house.

Towards evening, he saw about a dozen red-coats coming down the road, and in a few minutes they were all at his gate, which he had padlocked on the inside. A corporal who headed the party immediately jumped over the fence, followed by all the other soldiers, and called out to Josiah in an insolent tone, "Here, you scoundrel of a yankee, bring us out some cider."

"Friend," replied Josiah, "I am neither a yankee nor a scoundrel, and as thee demands it uncivilly, I experience no inclination to give thee cider."

"Nor to take off your broad-brim neither, as it seems," said the corporal, lifting up the

hat on the point of his bayonet, and then pitching it into the road.

The quaker coolly stooped and took it up, and then drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, he brushed the dust from the hat, and calmly set it on his head again.

"Let him alone, corporal," said one of the soldiers, "he's a quaker, and they pretend it goes against their conscience to take off their hats to their betters. If you were to knock it off his head twenty times together, he would clap it on again the next minute."

"Come, Hezekiah, or Nehemiah, or whatever you please to call yourself," cried the corporal, "make haste and get us a famous supper."

"Thee can't expect," replied Josiah, "that I should feed the enemies of my country. Thee had better proceed farther on, till thee comes to a tory house. The night before last I gave entertainment to George Washington."

"You did, did you?" said the corporal with an oath. "You are a fool for telling it. And that we'll soon let you know to your cost."

"A whig quaker!" exclaimed one of the soldiers. "I thought they were all good royalists to a man."

"Thee sees then," replied Josiah, "that there is no general rule without an exception."

"No more of this parleying," said the corporal, as they entered the house. "Here, you quaker, where are all your women? Bid them stir about and get supper for us in five minutes. What have you got in the house? What can you give us to drink."

"Friend," replied Josiah, "if I do not feel free to answer thy questions, I know not by what course thee is to make me. But this much thee may learn : there is nobody in the house but myself."

"We'll soon see that," said the corporal, "so bring yourself in, old quaker fellow, and bid us welcome to the best you have."

"Thee's not welcome to any thing," said Josiah seating himself firmly in the porch, "and if it is not my choice to go in, thee'll find it hard to force me."

"We'll try, however," said the corporal ; and two of the men taking him by the shoulders, while two more pushed his back with their hands, they hauled and shoved the poor quaker into the house : he obstinately refusing to put his feet to the ground. As soon as they had gotten him in, and loosened their

held, he turned about, walked steadfastly back again and resumed his seat in the porch.

The soldiers followed him, and with loud threats insisted on his delivering up his keys. Josiah now began to perceive that resistance was in vain, and he said to them, "Thee cannot expect I should put into thy hands the instruments of plunder, and thee had better depart before thee commits robbery. But if thee prefers searching my pockets, I apprehend that it is not in my power to hinder thee."

Half a dozen hands were instantly thrust into the quaker's pockets: the keys were produced, the soldiers stacked their arms in the parlour, and every thing in the house that was either eatable or drinkable was in a few minutes brought to light.

The corporal was the first that satisfied his appetite, and returning to the front door near which Josiah was still seated, "Well, Brother Jonathan," said he, "how do you like entertaining the British, as you yankees see proper to call us, and what do you think of the beating we have just given to that there Washington and his rebels? We peppered them finely, up there, on your what d'ye call it, Brandywine Creek. Famous toppers you must

be—one liquor at a time won't serve you, but you must call your creek brandy and wine both."

"Thy ignorance is great," said the quaker, "thee knows not the rise of that name."

"No matter for the name," resumed the corporal, "we've given you cause to remember the place. That there young Frenchman that goes about with Washington bled for it pretty freely. I was not far from the man that put the shot into mounseer's leg—I don't boast—I never boast about any thing—but I only say, I believe the man that did it was in this here jacket. Hey, quaker!"

"Thee's not civil," said Josiah, rising and turning very red. "Thrice has thee called me by that name of derision, which is always a vexing word to Friends. We do not answer to the title of quaker. Thee has given me cause of displeasure, and I think it my duty to prevent a like offence."

So saying, he advanced in a threatening attitude towards the corporal, who exclaimed,—"Why, quaker, you look as if you were going to knock me down."

"I feel a draft that way," replied Josiah.

His arm, however, was caught before the blow descended, and there were loud shouts of

"Shoot him—shoot the yankee quaker—give him the bag'net !"

"Beg your life," said the corporal—"beg your life on your knees."

Josiah stood firm, and the soldiers attempted to bend him down and put him on his knees ; but he made himself so stiff that it was impossible, and his countenance was all the time as immoveable as his person.

"Let him alone," said the corporal. "I know how to punish him in a way that will hurt him most."

After a short consultation, the quaker was taken between four and walked out into the wood-house, where he was shut up, and two soldiers put on guard before the door. The others then procured lights, and commenced the work of depredation ; much of which the unfortunate Josiah had an opportunity of witnessing through a crevice in the wall after the moon had risen.

* In the house they hacked up the bedsteads with an axe, and cut off the legs of the tables : smashed the crockery to atoms : and, taking it from its case, they pounded the clock to pieces with a hammer, and then threw the frag-

* Fact.

ments down the well. They put all the pewter utensils into the kitchen fire and melted them into a shapeless mass. Some went to the mill, where they slit the bolting-cloth to ribands and chopped up the hopper ; and rolling the barrels into the yard, they emptied out the flour, and mixed it with the earth and sand. Others brought out the beds from the chambers, ripped them up with their bayonets, and emptied them into the mill-dam. They finished by going to the hen-house, and catching and killing as many of the poultry as they could carry away with them. They were preparing to drive off the cows, when suddenly a yell was heard so loud, so wild, so thrilling and so terrible, that the plunderers all stopped with one accord, and stood aghast and motionless.

"What can that be?" said one, in a voice scarcely articulate with terror.

"I know it," said another ; "it's the real Indian war-whoop."

"Pho," said a third, "there are no Indians hereabouts."

"I wish I was sure of that," whispered the corporal ; "there's no knowing where these yankees may bring them from, or where they may have hid them. They are here ar"

there and everywhere. I'll bet you two to one these woods are full of them. They'll first shoot us down from behind the bushes, and then rush out and tomahawk and scalp us."

The yell was repeated more horribly than before. "Every man take care of himself," exclaimed the corporal. And in a moment the whole party of plunderers took to their heels and ran down the road, without once looking behind them.

When the soldiers were entirely out of sight, old Wasconsa emerged from the woods, accompanied by Isaac Parkins ; and both were riding on one horse. "It was well thee thought of raising the war-whoop, Wasconsa, said Isaac ; "and it is well thee's an Indian, and knows how to yell the right way, for I don't believe any thing else could have started these bad British men. Russel says they all have a mortal fear of Indians, not being used to them in their own country ; and they are so ignorant that they think the Indians are all over America. How it raised me to see the wicked mischief they were doing, as we stood looking at them through the trees.

Wasconsa and Isaac then rode to the stable, where they alighted, and Isaac put up the

horse. As they came through the yard, their attention was attracted by the sounds that issued from the wood-house, where Josiah, being left unguarded, (for the sentinels had taken flight with their companions,) had seized a large hickory stick, with which he was belabouring the door most vigorously, and trying to break it open.

“What can that be, beating so hard against the door?” asked the old woman. “I guess it is an evil spirit.”

“I rather guess it is my father,” said Isaac as the door gave way, and Josiah stood before them.

An explanation now ensued, and Josiah learnt that Isaac had come back to see how affairs stood at home, leaving Tommy Tring with Russel; and that Wasconsa had accompanied him to procure some articles necessary for the comfort of his wounded cousin, with which she was to return on the horse, that Tommy Tring might have the animal to ride to Hannah Grimpson’s and inform the fugitives of all that had passed.

When Josiah and Isaac saw the whole extent of the ravages committed by the British soldiers, and their wanton destruction of every

thing that they could not carry away with them, the indignation of the father was scarcely restrained by the habitual self-command of his sect ; as for the son, he broke out into loud invectives, which for once were not checked by reproof.

“ What shall we do—what have they left us ?” exclaimed Josiah.

“ Revenge,” replied the Indian woman.

“ I hope I may be prevented from fighting,” said Josiah—“ but I must say that I almost desire to spill blood—That is, the blood of these British. I fear I could nearly go so far as to take life.”

“ Thee must not tell Russel of all this, Wasconsa,” said Isaac, “ or thy house will not hold him. Thee knows he is in a high fever already.”

Next morning at day-light, Wasconsa departed for her home, Josiah sending by her as many things for Russel's use as could be collected from the wreck. Just before the Indian woman's departure, arrived Hannah Grimpson's black boy with Sidney's letter. He had set out the preceding afternoon, but had loitered on the way, according to his custom, and had gone out of his road to visit the battle-field ; having, like most people of the lower

class, a great relish for scenes of horror and disgust ; and here his taste was so amply gratified, that he rambled about the place till the moon went down.

Josiah despatched a letter to his wife by black Jack, informing her of the safety of Isaac, and containing a sketch of all that had passed during her absence ; and assuring her that as soon as he had ascertained that nothing more was to be feared from the British, he would go himself to Hannah Grimpson's and bring her home.

Early in the morning, and before Wasconsa had got back to her cabin, Russel had insisted on Tommy Tring's leaving him, and going to the house of the free negroes to inquire after the wounded officer. Tommy returned with the joyful news of having found the runaway horse, but with a doleful account of the condition of the Englishman, which was rendered more deplorable as the cottage was now crowded with other wounded men. This intelligence caused the deepest regret to Russel, and he was for some time at a loss to devise any plan by which his victim (for so he considered the British officer) could be benefited. " I wish," concluded he, " I had not shot at this man."

"Why, there can be no fighting without shooting somebody," observed Tommy Tring, "and every sweet has its sour. But if you take this Englishman so much to heart, I'm thinking if we could get him carried to Sycamore Hill. He would be well off there, and he would be tended like a prince."

"True," replied Russel, "but I suppose his countrymen have been there, and plundered and destroyed all before them."

"May be not," said Tommy. "They may have been plundering at places where not half as much is to be had. It is quite likely they have ramsacked Puckeridge's, and passed by Sycamore Hill. People often stop at mole-hills and leap over mountains."

Wasconsa now came home, and, as Isaac had suggested, she avoided exciting Russel's indignation by relating the visit of the British soldiers to his uncle's house. But she spoke of the letter that had just arrived from Sidney, and Russel was glad to hear that his sisters and aunt were really safe. He proposed that Tommy Tring should ride to Sycamore Hill, and if he found every thing right, that he should re-assemble the household, and bring the carriage to convey thither the Englishman and himself. But Wasconsa insisted that

Russel should remain with her a little longer, as his hurts were all doing well, and she knew that her mode of cure would be successful.

In this Russel acquiesced ; Tommy assuring him that when he once got the Englishman to Sycamore Hill, he would take excellent care of him. " And besides," said he, " I'll engage Rachel Rose, the great female doctress, to come to the house and nuss him. She'll be glad of the job."

" That will do," said Russel. " And now, Tommy, ride round to Hannah Grimpson's, on your way to Sycamore Hill, and see the girls and tell them that I was in the battle, and did not escape without a wound or two ; but that I am doing well, and hope to see them in a few days, when I shall stop at Hannah's, and take them home with me. That poor British officer—very likely he has sisters in his own country, and perhaps both a father and mother."

" Pho," said Tommy Tring, mounting his horse, " you think more of that Englishman than you do of yourself. What's done cannot be undone. There's no use in crying for spilt milk."

When Tommy Tring approached the Grimpson house, and was seen riding up the mullen field, it would have been difficult to say whether joy or sorrow predominated in the minds of the fugitives. They were convinced that he had brought news; but of what sort, they were eager, and yet afraid to ask. They surrounded his horse before he had time to alight; the whole Grimpson household gathering behind and pressing upon them.

"What news does thee bring of my son Isaac, and of Josiah my husband?" inquired Mrs. Parkins.

"They are safe and well, and both at home," answered Tommy, "but as to what sort of home they have, more of that hereafter."

"And Russel—Russel," exclaimed Sidney and Patty.

"Now don't be frightened," said Tommy, "prepare yourselves manfully."

"Oh! Tommy, Tommy," cried little Patty, while Sidney turned very pale, and leaned on Mrs. Parkins to avoid falling.

"Always look forad to the worst," pursued Tommy, "and then you won't be disappointed."

"Russel is killed," exclaimed Sidney gasping for breath ; while Patty began to scream, and all the black children joined her in sympathy.

"Who said he was?" answered Tommy. "Now I'll be judged by all present, past, and to come if I said Russel Campion was killed."

"Speak out at once," cried Mrs. Parkins, "and tell the plain truth, or thee and I will certainly differ."

"Does Russel live?" said Sidney in a faint voice.

"He lives," replied Tommy, "and is likely to live for what I see. He has nothing but a cut on his head, and a stab in his neck, and a long gash on his right side, and four or five prods and pokes about his arms, all done with bag'nets. No gun-shot wounds. There'll be no distraction of balls."

"Oh, poor dear Russel!" exclaimed Patty, sobbing loudly : while Sidney sat down on the steps, unable to speak.

"Then he was fairly in the battle?" said Mrs. Parkins.

"To be sure he was," replied Tommy. He was there with all his might and main. You might have known he wouldn't have let the battle go on without him. But there's no

use in all this fuss. His hurts are none of them very bad, and old Wasconsa is curing him up fast there in her own shanty. Seeing how brave he was, and only a boy, I don't believe the British had the heart to do their worst at him. I guess they did not mean to kill him out and out, but only jist to settle him for awhile. He'll soon be as well as ever, and I doubt he'll be glad enough to see his sisters. But not being quite able to come to you himself yet awhile, he has appointed me his substitute, which you know is exactly the same thing."

"Take me to him immediately," cried Sidney, starting up.

"And me too," said Patty.

"Fair and softly," replied Tommy; "the more haste the worse speed. My arrant here to you is not the whole that's afore me, for I'm going to kill two birds with one stone. There's a British officer that Russel wounded in the battle, and so he thinks he has a right to take care of him: which is all sheer nonsense, for it's not expected that every man's to cure whatever he shoots. But we all know what Russel is, when once he gets a thing into his head—"

"Thee'd better make haste and explain thy meaning," said Mrs. Parkins.

"Well, I s'pose you're all on thorns," resumed Tommy. "The short and the long of it is—I'm to go to Sycamore Hill, and geer up the carriage. Then I'm to go and get the British officer and put him into it, and take him to our own house, and collect all the negers back again, and hire Rachel Rose to nuss him. And Russel's to stay a little longer where he is, for Wasconsa won't give him up till she has cured him so far that you or I or any body can finish him. You and Patty are to 'bide where you are, till Russel is able to come himself and take you to Sycamore Hill. And I shall be glad enough when we all get together again, if it was not for having the Englisman among us."

"I will go with you myself to Sycamore Hill," said Sidney, "and see in what state the British have left the place, for I suppose they have been there."

"May be not," replied Tommy. "The house is pretty much off the road they took, when they marched from the Head of Elk; though I thought they'd come right by. And besides it's a good deal hid with trees. I dare say, we might as well have stay'd there."

there's no knowing in war-times what's the best course. We're all harum scarum and helter skelter."

It was not, however, Sidney's intention to remain quietly at Hannah Grimpson's till Russel should be well enough to come to her. Though assured that he was in no danger from his wounds, her anxiety to see him was very great, and her determination was, to go first with Tommy Tring to Sycamore Hill, and there to collect some things for Russel's accommodation, with which she and Patty would proceed immediately in the carriage to Wascona's hut. Afterwards Tommy was to undertake the removal of the wounded Englishman.

Sidney and Patty now took leave of Mrs. Parkins, who, having received the letter from her husband, expected him to come for her in the course of the afternoon. They also bade adieu to the Grimpson family, to whom Sidney made an ample compensation for their entertainment, coarse and rough as it had been. They set out on horseback, Patty behind Sidney as formerly ; and when they had reached the extremity of the mullen-field, the little girl, who had heroically forborne to make a single complaint during their sojourn at the

Grimpson house, could not help evincing her satisfaction by her looks.

"Why, Patty," said Tommy Tring, "you are smiling like a basket of chips."

"No wonder," replied Patty, "I am thinking how glad I shall be to find myself, once more, in a clean house, and a comfortable bed, and with plenty of good things to eat. Sidney, I'm determined not to grow up a bad housekeeper."

"We must all eat our peck of dirt in the course of our lives," remarked Tommy; "and I s'pose you've got through all your peck at Hannah Grimpson's. I've heard enough of her, but seeing's believing."

When they arrived at Sycamore Hill, they were rejoiced to find every thing safe, the British having evidently not been there. While Sidney was making her arrangements, Tommy Tring went to Puckeridge's for the negroes, and heard a long account from Polly of a visit she had received from some soldiers of General Howe's army, to whom she had at once made known her royalist principles, and also those of her husband and son. She did not, however, acknowledge that this communication was received somewhat coldly by her guests, and that the serjeant who commanded

the party said "he liked her none the better for being against her own country." But as the soldiers were out on a marauding expedition, they inquired if there were no high whigs in the neighbourhood, with whose property they could make free without scruple. Polly Puckeridge was beginning with some hesitation to mention the Campion family, and to give a direction to Sycamore Hill, when her son Peter took her aside and silenced her, saying, "Mother, no such information shall go from our house, or it will be said at once that I was the person who gave it : and that I did it out of spite, because Russel Campion set on my scholars to rebel at me. If I am a royalist, I need not be a scoundrel beside. And as for betraying our friends and neighbours, it's a thing I won't hear to. If this is toryism, I'll be a tory no longer."

Polly Puckeridge stood abashed at the rebuke of her son : and the old man, her husband, who had heard all this as he stood by in silence, put his hand behind him, and privately gave Peter's a hearty shake, in token of co-incidence in feeling.

When all was ready, Sidney and Patty got into the carriage, which was driven by Tom-

my Tring, and they proceeded first to the habitation of Wasconsa. When he heard the voices of his sisters, Russel felt his wounds no longer, but he ran out to meet them at the door, and almost devoured them with kisses. They were both delighted and shocked at seeing him, and burst into tears. But Russel soon succeeded in rallying their spirits, and represented his wounds as mere trifles.

"Tommy," said little Patty in a low voice, "an't you afraid that Russel will lose some of his beauty?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Tommy, "they are not the kind of wounds to spile beauty; and even if he had a few scars, he'll only like himself the better for it. So there an't the least need of any more crying about him. He'll be well now in less than no time, for he's coming on as fine as silk. His fever's clear gone, and his skin's as cool as a cowcumer. I always had faith in Indian cures."

Russel now informed them that he had felt well enough that morning to go to the negro-cottage for the purpose of seeing Captain Effingham, the wounded British officer, whom he found in a sort of lethargy. "You were *not* well enough," said Wasconsa, "and you

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will feel the worse for it before night. But go you would, in spite of all that I could say to you."

Russel proceeded to tell that he was sorry to find how much the Englishman had suffered ; but that the ball had been extracted, and the doctor considered him out of danger, though there was every reason to suppose that his recovery would be very slow ; that he was now scarcely able to speak ; and that it was advisable to have him removed immediately to better quarters. " And so, Tommy," continued Russel, " as soon as the horses are rested, you may start."

To be brief—after the negro family had been well paid for their trouble, Russel having sent money for that purpose, Captain Effingham was laid on a small bed which had been brought in the carriage, Tommy Tring driving very slowly and carefully. On arriving at Sycamore Hill, they found Rachel Rose already established, and every thing prepared that could conduce to the Englishman's comfort. That night, Sidney and Patty, happy to be again with their brother, shared the rude accommodation of Wasconsa's hut ; but it had been decided that Tommy Tring should

return for them next day with the carriage, and convey them all home. Wasconsa, that she might still continue in charge of Russel, was invited to accompany them to Sycamore Hill, and remain there until he was entirely cured.

In the afternoon, Josiah Parkins called at the cabin with his wife, for whom he had gone to Hannah Grimpson's, and he was now taking her back in the chaise to her own house. He detailed at full length the insolence of his British visitors, and their wanton ravages on his property ; and, as Isaac had predicted, the recital made Russel very indignant. Josiah, for his part, said " that, having greatly striven, he had succeeded in subduing his anger, and that though his losses were not trifling, he was thankful in being able to bear them." And Mrs. Parkins promised Sidney that, " as soon as they had got things a little to-rights again," and replaced what had been destroyed, she and Josiah would bring Isaac with them and pay her a visit at Sycamore Hill.

The following evening, all the Champions were once more assembled under their own roof, with the exception of the head of the

family, from whom they received a letter the next day, informing them that he was well, but that he should be unable to see them before winter ; and Sidney wrote immediately to acquaint her father with all that had recently passed.

On their first interview after Captain Effingham was able to receive a visiter, Russel said to him, " Captain, you are British and I am American. I wounded you in battle, and I am sorry for it. I can do no less now than keep you in my father's house till you are cured ; and while you are with us, we will try and not give you cause to remember that your home is three thousand miles off. Have you a father and sisters ?"

" I have three sisters," replied the captain, but I lost my parents when a child."

" And now," said Russel, " let us make an agreement not to talk of the war, or of any thing relating to the quarrel between your country and mine. Do *you* say nothing in favour of Howe and Cornwallis, and *I* will refrain from praising Washington and La Fayette, though I confess that will be a very hard piece of restraint : at least for me."

" I am perfectly willing to observe this act," replied Captain Effingham, smiling.

"I trust we shall be at no loss for subjects of conversation, without alluding to those which must excite mutual displeasure."

"Of course, you feel no resentment against me for wounding you," said Russel. "It is only the chance of war."

"To say the truth," replied the Captain, "it is very difficult for a man who has suffered so much pain from a wound as I have, not to feel at times somewhat irritated against the author of those sufferings. However, the worst is now over. I believe you to be a gallant and noble-minded boy, and if your country can boast many such hearts beating in bosoms so youthful, I fear there is a pervading spirit abroad, which we shall find it difficult to conquer."

"As to the mere pain of a wound," said Russel, "it seems to me very easy to get over that. The worst of this hurt is, I should suppose, that it will prevent your being in the battle that will certainly take place before your army reaches Philadelphia."

"There will be none," exclaimed Captain Effingham. "Your defeat at Brandywine was too decisive for Washington to risk another."

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"Good morning, Captain Effingham," said Russel, hastily leaving the room.

The English officer was right. Washington did not at that time deem it prudent to venture the loss of another battle, and the British took possession of Philadelphia. But the American commander was shortly after re-inforced by some troops which he had ordered from the north, including a large portion of the Maryland militia; among which was the company raised and commanded by Mr. Campion. A division of the British army, then encamped at Germantown, was attacked by the Americans; and the father of Russel and Sidney greatly distinguished himself in the combat, which was again unsuccessful on the part of his countrymen:—Next day, Mr. Campion wrote to inform his anxious children of his safety, and peremptorily commanded Russel to stay at home, for he feared that as soon as the state of his wounds would allow him, the ardent and impatient boy would again come, in quest of danger, to the camp of Washington. And though desirous of seeing his children, and knowing that his presence was much needed at Sycamore Hill, nothing could induce Mr.

Campion to leave the army, even for a few days, till the campaign was over.

The cuts on Russel's forehead and neck were now so nearly well, that they required no other covering than slips of court-plaster ; it was evident that the scars would be very slight, and his other wounds also were nearly cured. Captain Effingham was able in a shorter time than had been expected, to leave his room, and join the family down-stairs ; looking, however, very pale, and having the right sleeve of his coat ripped open to the shoulder, and tied together with ribbons. He was a very young, and a very handsome man, highly romantic, and extremely well versed in poetry. In conversation he was fluent and agreeable. He had much to tell of England, to which Russel and Sidney listened with deep interest, and Patty with an earnestness of attention, which did not allow her to lose a single word, as she sat on her little stool before Captain Effingham : particularly when he described old castles and antique abbeys.

At length Captain Effingham was sufficiently recovered to join his regiment then at Philadelphia, to which place he had long since sent

for some of his baggage; and when the time of his departure was fixed, all the Campion family felt regret at the idea of his leaving them, particularly when it drew so near as to be expected the following morning.

That afternoon Tommy Tring said to Russel, as he was measuring him for a new coat, in an apartment called the little room, "Don't you see nothing?"

"There is nothing to be seen," replied Russel.

"Don't you smell no rat?" pursued Tommy.

"There can be no rats in this part of the house," said Russel.

"Nonsense," resumed Tommy. "You can't suppose I mean real rats. But don't you see there's something more than common in the wind."

"What is it you mean?" said Russel carelessly; for he was just then thinking whether his next new coat would not be a military one.

"Flat and plain then," replied Tommy, "the Englishman's fell in love with Sidney."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Russel starting, and dropping the coat he was just going to resume.

"It's as plain as the nose in your face," continued Tommy, "and a solomon truth beside. Black Dido first found it out, and she told Aunt Phillis, and Aunt Phillis spoke of it to Rachel Rose one day, when she was in the kitchen making some yerb-tea for the Englishman. So Rachel Rose was like a hen on a hot griddle, till she got an opportunity of twitching a hint of it to me. A word to the wise, you know, is always enough. I dare say old Wasconsa saw it before she went home, for Indians are very noticing bodies, only they always keep every thing to themselves. Well, after it got to me, all our eyes were open but yourn, and you've been as blind as a bat the whole time."

"She'll never have him," exclaimed Russel.

"Black Sam thinks she will," said Tommy, "and so does Caesar. The captain's a pretty man for an Englishman, and something very great in his own country."

"And has this vile stuff been talked over in the kitchen?" demanded Russel, indignantly.

"To be sure," answered Tommy, "such things always are. A cat may look on a king."

"I shall go raving mad!" exclaimed Russel.

"You needn't," replied Tommy, coolly. "I should have told you of it before, only I know'd you'd break out like a house-a-fire, the moment you heard it. For all you're so much on your high horse, there's no knowing what you may come to. You may have to be an Englishman's brother-in-law yet. Dainty dogs"——

"Hush, this instant," said Russel, stopping him, "I'll listen to no such nonsense."

"The next time you shoot an Englishman," pursued Tommy, "I guess you'll not take quite so much pains to keep him alive after it. For my part I like weddings. They're good things in a house; and so we all think. And I've had no occasion yet to wear my new suit of the purplish brown."

"Captain Effingham shall never have Sidney Campion," said Russel. "I'll go this moment and tell him so."

"Do put on your coat first," said Tommy, taking it up from under Russel's feet. "Englishmen are particular. And now a word, before you start. Don't be hash with him. Remember you're nothing but a boy, and he's

older than you and has more sense. Fair words break no bones, and least said soonest mended."

Russel now darted out of the room, and hastened to Captain Effingham's apartment, but did not find him there ; and on inquiring where he was, Black Dido informed him, with a broad grin of delight, "that the British gemplan had gone to the apple-orchard with young missus."

It was with some difficulty that Russel restrained himself from immediately following them ; but growing a little cooler, he thought it would be better to see them separately ; and in great discomposure he alternately walked up and down the porch, or threw himself on a seat, not knowing exactly what he was doing.

In about half an hour Captain Effingham and Sidney returned, and coming in at the back-door they had entered the parlour or sitting-room, before Russel was aware of their vicinity to him. The day being warm for the season, one of the windows was raised, and Russel who had thrown himself full length on a bench in the porch, unintentionally heard the conclusion of their conversa-

tion. The captain had evidently just made Sidney Campion an offer of his hand, and was earnestly endeavouring to prevail on her to accept it. But Sidney calmly and steadily replied with a decided refusal. *

Captain Effingham became more urgent, and even alluded to his large fortune, and the splendour in which she would live as his wife.

"In my own country," said Sidney, "I can have as much as will satisfy all my wants, and your country never can be mine. All my feelings and ideas are so American, that I am sure I could not be happy with an Englishman. My father is now with the army of Congress, and you belong to that of the British king. It is impossible for me to think as you do on this subject ; and on many others. Where there is so much difference of opinion, there can be little happiness. There would be constant restraint, or continual disputing."

The Captain again expostulated, but Sidney replied—"It is useless to say any more. Nothing can alter my resolution never to be the wife of an enemy to my country."

"My noble girl," exclaimed Russel, as he jumped through the window and caught his

sister in his arms and kissed her. "I never in my life heard you talk so sensibly."

Captain Effingham looked much disconcerted. "Sidney," said he, "I would fain hope that this is not your final determination. Do you apprehend your father's opposition? When he finds who I am, I shall not despair of obtaining his consent."

"You will never get it," said Russel—"I know my father better."

"And my own consent will always be wanting," resumed Sidney.

"I will not yield to so hasty a conclusion," said Captain Effingham. "I regret that I must go to-morrow morning. But our army will most probably pass the winter in Philadelphia. Let me hope that I may be allowed to return to Sycamore Hill as your accepted lover."

"Never," replied Sidney, firmly.

"Reflect farther," said the captain, "and make me happy to-morrow morning by a different determination."

"She will not," observed Russel.

"Perhaps so, if you do all in your power to prevent her," said Captain Effingham, quickly.

"I will leave her to herself," answered Russel, checking his resentment at the tone of the captain. "Not one word will I say to her on the subject."

Supper was now brought in ; the evening passed slowly away in unsuccessful attempts at conversation, and the Champions and their guest separated at an early hour. Russel, when he stole glances at his sister, saw that her countenance was sad, and her eyes dewy.

"I guess she wavers," said Tommy to Cæsar.

"To be sure," replied Cæsar ; "women-folks always wavers when they can't fix their minds steady." And Sam, the black boy, "tossed up a copper" on the kitchen hearth to know "whether young missey would have the Britisher, or not."

Next morning the trunk of Captain Effingham appeared in the entry ; his servant, whom he had sent for, having arrived the night before with a chaise to convey him to Philadelphia. Sidney took her seat at the breakfast table and looked very pale ; particularly when little Patty said "Captain Effingham, if you meet my father in battle, don't kill him though he is an American."

When breakfast was over, Russel rose to leave the room, but his sister desired him to stay. "What am I to hope?" inquired Captain Effingham in a low voice. She made no reply, but put a billet into his hand, and hastily left the room. The captain read the note twice over, and then gave it to Russel. It contained in a few words a solemn refusal.

"Russel," said the captain, "your sister is a surprising girl."

"I hope there are many such in America," said Russel exultingly. "And now, captain, let us part friends. As soon as I am thought old enough, I shall be regularly in the army, and then if we should meet again in the field I promise you fair play."

Captain Effingham pressed Russel's hand, and thanked him for the hospitality and kindness which he had received from him, and from every member of the family at Sycamore Hill. He kissed little Patty, who could not help crying at the last moment, and he then drove sadly off with his servant.

"So," said Tommy, "this settles the hash."

"You are a dear girl," said Russel, when he saw his sister Sidney again; "and your refusal of Captain Effingham is the more to

your honour as I know you like him very well."

Early in the winter Mr. Campion came home on a short visit to his family, bringing with him (to the great joy of Russel,) Lieutenant Arncliffe, who still carried his wounded arm in a sling. He had been very ill-treated by the British while a prisoner with them, had just been exchanged, and was now at liberty again. As soon as Tommy Tring saw that Mr. Campion was accompanied by a handsome young officer, he ran immediately to inform Sidney that "there was as good fish in the sea, as ever was caught."

Lieutenant Arncliffe was prepossessing in his appearance, and animated and intelligent in his conversation, and was besides an American and on the right side. He became at once highly popular in the family, and Tommy Tring prophesied a speedy union between him and Sidney, sagely remarking that "every dog has his day."

This prophesy was not verified till two years after ; by which time Arncliffe had attained

the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and Russel held a commission in his regiment. Mr. Champion had been obliged to quit the service, in consequence of a chronic complaint contracted during the hardships of that terrible winter when Washington's army lay encamped in the neighbourhood of Valley Forge, and the English occupied Philadelphia.

At length victory, independence, and peace terminated the contest so glorious to America ; and Russel hung up in his father's hall the sword which, as Major Champion, he had sheathed for the last time after the surrender of York-town. Captain Effingham was in the army of Cornwallis at the period of its final defeat ; and when all was over, he and Russel met and shook hands as enemies no longer. He had heard of the marriage of Sidney ; and after his return to England, he consoled himself for the loss of his fair American, by a more suitable union with the daughter of a nobleman.

After Sidney became Mrs. Arncliffe, she remained with her father at his earnest desire, till the war should be over, and till peace should restore to her her husband. And Mr. Champion could not then consent to part with his el-

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der daughter, till Patty was old enough to take the superintendence of the house. Colonel Arncliffe then removed to a plantation he had bought in the neighbourhood of his father-in-law. After this, Tommy Tring, to use his own expression, "divided himself between both houses, and had two strings to his bow."

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